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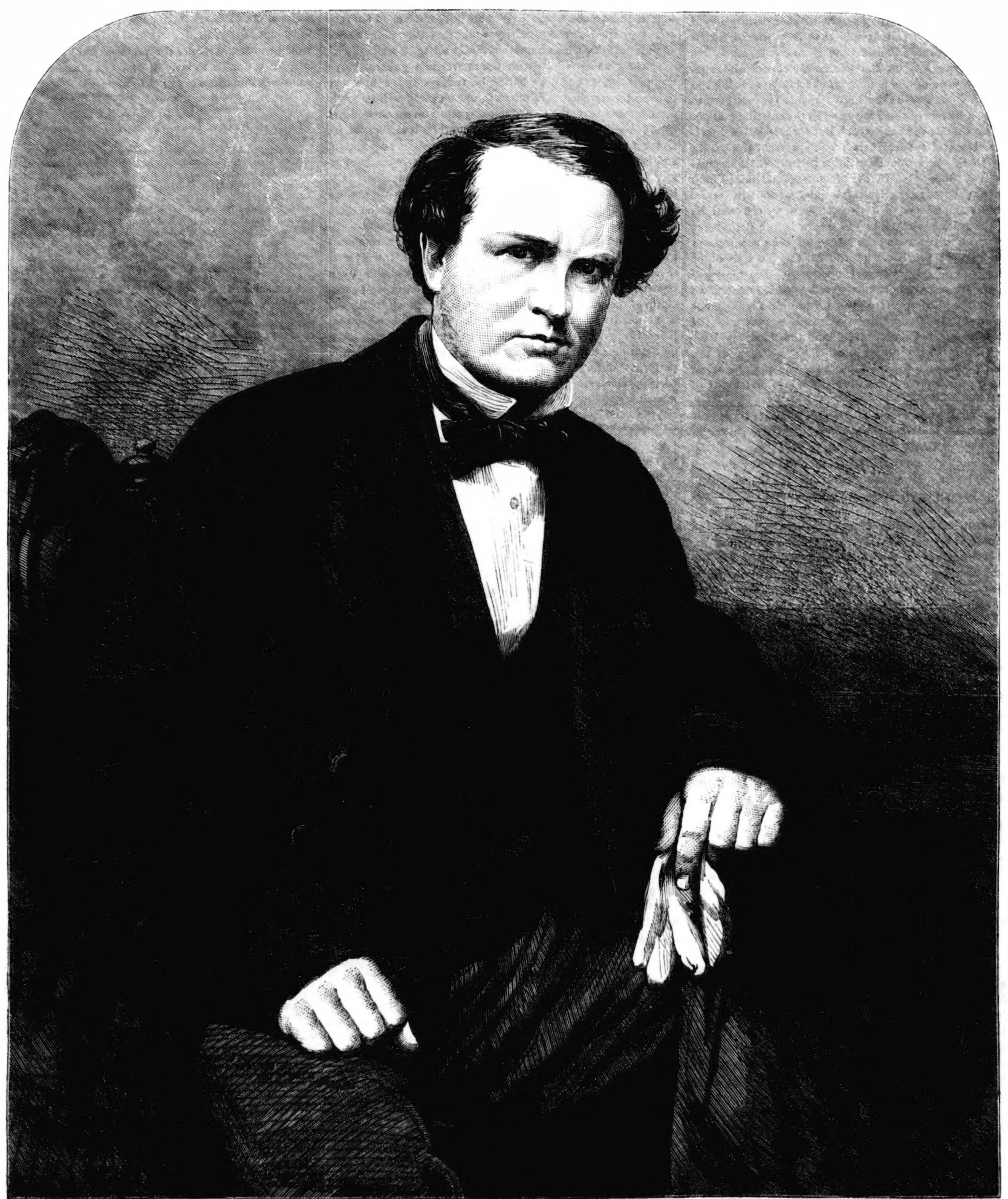
# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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THE RIGHT HON. LORD STANLEY, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



## THE FACTORY ACTS EXTENSION BILLS.

THAT to protect those who are too weak to protect themselves is a legitimate function of Government—nay, the main purpose for which Governments exist—is a generally-received opinion, although some hard-headed political economists maintain that the principle may be, and is, carried too far. When, for instance, the Legislature interferes to regulate labour, said political economists conceive that the province of the lawgiver has been overstepped. Such an opinion was entertained by many persons at the time the Factory Acts were introduced, and on that ground those measures were opposed. This opinion has ceased to have much weight now, however; and there are few who doubt the wisdom of affording legal protection to children, young persons, and women so as to save them from being employed in unsuitable occupations or for improperly prolonged periods. The principles of the Factory Acts are generally accepted; the operation of those laws is admitted to have been beneficial; and it is acknowledged that an extension of their provisions to other operations is in many instances desirable. And in this opinion we fully concur. It is necessary to take care, however, that that extension shall be judiciously applied, and that no enactment passed shall operate unduly to the "restraint of trade." To be effectual for their object, and, at the same time, not to hamper or obstruct business needlessly, it is necessary that laws should be so framed as to adapt themselves to the inevitable exigencies, as far as possible, of each description of industry concerned; at all events, that they should not be positively detrimental in their action.

Children, young persons, and women are classes who especially stand in need of the protection of society, as being too weak to help themselves in the hard struggle for existence to which human beings in these days and in the existing state of social arrangements are subjected. But for legislative interference, children of tender years, fragile women, and young persons of both sexes would be liable to intolerable oppression, as they once were in our factories and mines, and as they are now in agricultural gangs, and in many trades and occupations. No exception, then, can well be taken to the principle of the two bills now before Parliament for the purpose of regulating the labour of such persons and for extending the provisions of the Factory Acts to other businesses not now subject to their operation. The measures to which we allude have been introduced by Government, are founded on the fifth report of the Children's Employment Commission of 1862, and are intitled respectively the "Hours of Labour Regulation Bill" and the "Factory Acts Extension Bill." They are applicable to the whole of the United Kingdom, and, if passed, are to come into operation, subject to certain temporary modifications, on the 1st day of January, 1868.

To many—indeed, to most—of the provisions of these bills we have not the slightest objection. We cordially concur in the rule that "no child under eight years of age shall be employed in any handicraft;" that "no child under thirteen shall be employed more than six hours and a half per day;" and that no young person—that is, no boy or girl under a certain age,—or woman, shall be employed more than twelve hours out of the twenty-four, with not less than one hour and a half's interval for meals and rest. Of the provisions for securing ventilation of workshops and providing for the health and comfort of the workers, we also heartily approve. There are one or two points, however, which we fear will be attended with serious inconveniences in practice, especially as applied to certain special occupations. It is provided in these bills that the term "young persons" shall signify all individuals, of either sex, between the ages of thirteen and eighteen years. This, we think, carries the restriction too far—at least, as regards males. Young men of eighteen are generally pretty well able to take care of themselves, and are not likely to be seriously injured by employment in many light occupations for a slightly longer period, occasionally, than ten hours and a half a day. A lower maximum—say, fifteen or sixteen years—might therefore be adopted in their case, leaving them, of course, the option of working only the shorter period if they please.

Again, it is proposed that children, young persons, and women should perform their allotted period of work between the hours of six a.m. and six p.m., and that no labour whatever should be done by such persons after two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. These provisions, we believe, if enforced, would be attended with serious inconveniences in many cases. To begin with, we suspect it would be impossible to get many—we believe most—of the workpeople of London, of both sexes and of all ages, to begin work so early as six in the morning. Their habits and circumstances preclude such a thing; and to children and "young persons" it would be absolutely cruel. As a rule, London operatives live at a considerable distance from their workshops; and to reach these at six o'clock would necessitate getting up between four and five, at latest. Are children, young persons, and women, likely to manage that? and would it be beneficial to them, if they could, to have time on their hands in the evening instead of in the morning? It may be said, perhaps, that juveniles need not begin so early as six; but adult and juvenile workers are ordinarily associated and are mutually dependent, and consequently the one class cannot proceed with their labour without the presence of the other. They must, therefore, begin and leave off work together. Then, such a regulation would be disadvantageous in a pecuniary sense. Five o'clock is too early an hour for such persons to breakfast before leaving home; and that meal would consequently have to be obtained near their

place of employment, at, of course, increased expense. The clause which peremptorily compels discontinuance of work at two o'clock on Saturdays, while practicable in many cases, is likely to be seriously inconvenient in others. A wiser course would be to fix the number of working hours during the twenty-four, and to leave employers and employed to arrange at what hour of the day labour shall begin and when it shall cease. The Saturday half-holiday may safely be left open, as it is already rapidly gaining ground, and may readily be made to adapt itself to the exigencies of each particular trade.

Another provision of these bills obnoxious to objection is that which limits their operation to establishments in which a given number of hands are employed. In some cases this number is proposed to be a hundred and over, and in others fifty and over. The result of this will be that in the larger and better organised and conducted establishments the restrictions will apply, while smaller and worse situated ones will be exempted. All who are conversant with handicrafts are aware that it may be laid down as a rule that the more extensive an establishment is, the more perfect are its arrangements, the greater its conveniences, and the higher the degrees of comfort enjoyed by the workpeople; while in small workshops all these conditions are reversed, and the more positive are the disadvantages in proportion to the fewness of the hands employed. Work would consequently go from large houses, where the Acts were in force, and would find its way to small ones, where they were inoperative. The very evils they are designed to rectify would therefore be increased and intensified—a consummation not at all to be wished.

Thus far we have dealt with the matter in a general way; but, perhaps, if we take a particular trade and see how the proposed enactments will affect it, our meaning will be made more apparent and the gist of our objections more clear. Let us take the book trade, for instance, in all its branches, direct and cognate, with which we happen to be best acquainted, and concerning which, therefore, we are most competent to speak. That trade is essentially one of emergencies: it is liable to perpetual "slacks" and "rushes." There are periods in each week, in each month, in each year, in which these alternations of slackness and activity constantly recur. Indeed, it is difficult to see how, under the stringent provisions of these bills, the newspaper, periodical, and book trade, in its several departments of printing, binding, and publishing, can be carried on. Apart from the case of the daily, and especially of the morning, newspapers, about which we shall have a word to say presently, the great bulk of hebdomadal journals appear at the end of the week—that is, are published on Saturday; and consequently the work upon them is mainly performed during the latter half of the week, the actual printing, or machining, wholly so. Now, in the process of machining there are large numbers of lads engaged as "layers-on" and "takers-off," whose ages vary from fourteen to eighteen years, all of whom, as well as apprentice compositors and "machine-minders," come under the category of "young persons," and who would consequently be debarred, under these bills, from working at precisely the time when their services are required. They must only work ten hours and a half per day, and those hours must be between six a.m. and six p.m., or, at latest, eight p.m.; while machining of newspapers is almost always, from the nature of things, done after the latter hour; and were the "layers-on" and "takers-off" withdrawn at eight o'clock, the whole staff of machine-minders, engine-men, &c., would be thrown idle, and the entire printing operations brought to a standstill. The difficulty cannot be met, as some may suppose, by having relays of lads, because relays are not to be had. This species of employment will only afford a livelihood to a given number of hands, and consequently a given number of hands only devote themselves to it. Moreover, the work they do requires some training, and much care and accuracy of manipulation; and therefore substitutes cannot be improvised on the moment. And this inconvenience becomes more serious still in the case of morning newspapers, which of necessity must be printed during the night. Clause 8 of the "Regulation of Labour Bill," which seems to have been framed to meet this difficulty, does not do so in reality. By that clause it is provided that a Secretary of State may grant a license for male young persons to be employed in letterpress printing and other handicrafts during the night, when satisfied that these operations must be nocturnal; but this permission is clogged with the condition "that no male young person shall be employed more than six nights in any fortnight." But on morning papers the services of machine-lads are required every night; and, if this provision is enforced, these lads will earn only half pay, and consequently half livelihood, or else employers will be compelled to pay double wages—either of which results will decidedly operate seriously, if not disastrously, in "restriction of trade."

So much for the daily and weekly "pushes." The monthly periods of activity are equally urgent but more wide in their influence, for here the bookbinding and publishing trades come into play. "Magazine time"—that is, the issue of the monthly periodicals—falls almost entirely into the last week of the month, and all engaged in the work are then pushed to their utmost. A vast quantity of work has to be accomplished in a few days, and working overtime is the only means whereby the operation can be accomplished. But these bills entirely prohibit overtime for young persons, and so make their services non-available when most needed. The young persons engaged in printing and cognate occupations do not, on the whole, work long hours; in fact, taking them all in all, they have very

short hours; but their work has to be performed at exceptional times and under exceptional circumstances, and is paid exceptionally high wages. Enforce the provisions of these bills, and you will destroy, or largely curtail the means of living now earned by the class of young persons concerned. Again, the annual period of activity in the book trade falls in the autumn. Christmas is the great publishing season, and that from causes over which legislation can have no control. During the autumn months, therefore, printers, bookbinders, and publishers are extremely busy, and must work exceptional hours in order to fulfil their contracts and supply the demands of the public. The provisions of these bills will render exceptional working impossible, and so, again, operate in serious restriction of trade, to the detriment of all concerned, but especially to that of the operatives. From January till after midsummer comparatively little is going on in the publishing world; work is scarce and earnings scanty with the employés of printers, bookbinders, and publishers, who must make up deficiencies by extra exertions between midsummer and December. But these bills forbid their doing so, and, consequently, condemn them to short rations "all the year round."

As we have already said, it is not to the principle of these bills that we object. We are only opposed to their lack of flexibility and capacity of adapting their details to the exigencies of the several trades affected by them. Such faults of detail as we have pointed out may be rectified, and we doubt not will be, when fairly made apparent, and brought to the notice of the promoters of the measure, whose aim, of course, is to benefit, and not to injure, our national industries and those engaged in them.

## LORD STANLEY.

EDWARD HENRY, LORD STANLEY, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was born at Knowsley, in 1826. He was educated at Eton and Rugby, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a first class in classics, 1848. He unsuccessfully contested the borough of Lancaster in the spring of 1848. Instead of dashing into fashionable life, he went forth, as his father had done twenty-four years earlier, to make himself acquainted, by personal observation, with the state of affairs in Canada and the great neighbouring republic. During his absence in America he was elected Lord G. Bentinck's successor, as member for Lynn; and having, after a tour in the West Indies, returned to England, he delivered in the House of Commons, during the summer of 1850, a very able speech on the subject of the sugar colonies. He next paid a visit to the East, and was still in India when nominated, in March, 1852, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Derby Ministry. At the general election he was again returned as member for Lynn; and in the spring of 1853, having mean time resigned with his party, he submitted to the House of Commons a motion which had for its ultimate object a more complete reform of Indian affairs than that contemplated by the Coalition Cabinet. It is chiefly, however, as a "Social Reformer," and to his exertions out of Parliament for the intellectual improvement of the great body of the people, especially in the example set by him in the encouragement of mechanic's institutes and the establishment of public libraries, that Lord Stanley owes the public favour which he enjoys. When the death of Sir W. Molesworth, in 1855, created a vacancy in the Colonial Office, Lord Palmerston, sensible of Lord Stanley's talents and popularity, offered to him the seals of that department; but the latter, although understood to be ambitious of serving his country as a Minister of the Crown, remained true to his father's party, and declined the tempting proposal. He was Secretary of State for India, with a seat in the Cabinet, under his father's Administration in 1858-9, and it was under his superintendence that the management of our Indian empire was transferred from the Board of Directors of the East India Company to the responsible advisers of her Majesty.

Of course, Lord Stanley went out of office on the defeat and resignation of Lord Derby's Administration in 1859, and thenceforth acted in concert with Mr. Disraeli in opposition. He made an effective speech against the Russell-Gladstone Reform Bill of 1866, and on the advent of his party to power consequent on the defeat of the Liberal Government on the Reform question was intrusted with the seals of the Foreign Office, in conducting the business of which he has as yet given entire satisfaction to the country, the settlement under his auspices of the dispute with Spain regarding the seizure of the Victoria having especially been much applauded. Since the accession of Lord Cranborne and General Peel, Lord Stanley has been Mr. Disraeli's principal support in debate in the House of Commons. The noble Lord is a trustee of Mr. Peabody's fund, and is also chairman of an association for improving the dwellings of the working classes in the metropolis.

THE FOLLOWING "MARRIAGE" has been inserted in a Durham paper without the slightest suspicion being aroused by its date:—On the 1st inst., at Purton, Count de la Terriere, of Howton Hall, near Barking, to Tabitha Felicia, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Pacey Catt, formerly of Catterick Bridge, Yorkshire.

THE OVERCROWDING of the poor in South London is getting dreadful. In John-street, Newington, a man, his wife, three children, their grandfather, and three other adults, sleep in a chamber containing only 810 cubic feet of air. Another room is occupied by a man, his wife, three children, and fifteen dogs.

STRANDING OF A LARGE AMERICAN VESSEL.—The new life-boat, Broadwater, stationed at Ilfracombe, under the management of the National Life-boat Institution, rendered some gallant services, on Saturday last, on the occasion of the stranding of the ship *Nor' Wester*, of Boston, off Ilfracombe, the ship being in the greatest danger of going to pieces. The captain earnestly requested the life-boat's crew to take on board his wife, three children, and a servant girl. This appears to have been a most difficult operation, one of the children being of a very tender age, and all having to be lowered in a basket. The master himself would not leave the ship, and would not permit his crew to do so. The life-boat landed the women and children about eight p.m., and as the captain of the vessel had expressed a strong desire that the life-boat should stay by him during the night, she left the harbour again at nine p.m. and remained by the ship until eight o'clock the following morning, when, the wind having by this time considerably lulled, the ship slipped her anchors and returned to Cardiff to replace her chains and anchors and her two boats, which had been swamped under her stern.

NEW LIFE-BOATS.—The National Life-boat Institution has just sent to Exmouth, Devon, a fine new life-boat, mounted on a transporting-carriage. The boat is 32 ft. long, 7 ft. 4 in. wide, and 5 ft. 6 in. deep. It possesses the usual characteristics of the life-boats of the Institution in the way of stability, self-righting, and self-ejecting water. The new boat replaces a previous boat at Exmouth, which was found too small for the station. That was the gift, eight years ago, of Lady Rolle to the society. The new boat is named the *Victoria*, after her Majesty the Queen. In continuation of the name borne on the old boat. The Institution has also sent a fine new life-boat and transporting-carriage to Blyth, on the Northumberland coast. The boat is 33 ft. long, 8 ft. 6 in. wide, and rows ten or twelve oars. It had its harbour-trial a few days since in the Regent's Canal dock, Limehouse, when its self-righting and other qualities were fully and satisfactorily tested. The boat is named the *Salford*, is the tenth boat presented to the institution by the city of Manchester, through Robert Whitworth, Esq., and the Rev. E. Hewlett; and is the second boat the Manchester people have sent to the Northumberland coast, the first boat being stationed at Berwick-on-Tweed, and named the *Albert Victor*, after the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It will probably be remembered that a beautiful model of this life-boat was presented to the Prince of Wales when he presided, a few weeks ago, at the annual meeting of the National Life-boat Institution in the Mansion House.



## Foreign Intelligence.

## THE LUXEMBURG QUESTION.

The Luxembourg question, so far as known to the public, has undergone no change. Everything seems to indicate that a war between Prussia and France is inevitable. So long as the sword is not drawn the hopes that peace may be maintained; but this is the only crumb of comfort in the situation. It is stated that the three great Powers—England, Russia, and Austria—have decided that, now the old German Confederation no longer exists, Prussia's right to garrison the Luxembourg fortresses has passed away. It is added that the Powers assume the right of the King of Holland to cede the duchy if he thinks fit. Rumours that this would be the decision of the great Powers have been current for some time; but they have never heretofore assumed the definite shape they now present. Further reports are spread that Prussia, though she has not answered the notes of the Powers, does not see the matter in the same light as they do, and that her definite refusal to evacuate the fortresses will soon be made known. The *North German Gazette*, indeed, intimates that the great Powers have not decided upon the question put to them. They were asked by Prussia to give their opinion on the claims of France to Luxembourg, and not as to the garrisoning of the fortresses. Prussia's right to that arises from earlier treaties, and therefore could not be in question. Moreover, the same journal says that Prussia is not willing to renounce her right of garrisoning Luxembourg. The French papers would lead us to infer that Russia is on the side of France in the Luxembourg business. It may be that she has joined in the representations to Prussia of Austria and England; but certainly the tone of the Russian press is wholly unfriendly to France. One paper at St. Petersburg urges an immediate alliance between Russia, Prussia, and Italy. The tone of the German press is singularly firm. The South German papers point to the want of better defences on the Rhine; but they by no means urge this as a reason for delaying the war or avoiding it altogether. On the contrary, they urge that, if the war is to take place, the sooner it breaks out the better for Germany. No shadow of doubt is expressed as to the power of Germany, not merely to hold her own, but to teach France a severe lesson.

A Bavarian nobleman, Count Taufkirchen, who had been sent on a political mission from Munich to Berlin, was thence sent on to Vienna for the purpose of seeking diplomatic assistance from Austria. This errand has not been very successful. "Good offices" in the way of mediation cannot, of course, be refused; but Austrian diplomats have not yet forgiven Bismarck for deceiving them last year into the belief that there would be no war, and thereby causing Austria to be too late in her preparations, and no cordial co-operation can be expected from them. Prussia's alliance with Italy is not forgotten, and the military authorities will never forgive the arming of deserters and forming them into a legion for the avowed purpose of aiding and abetting an insurrection in Hungary. Altogether, the feeling towards Prussia and Bismarck in high and influential quarters is as sore and bitter as it used to be against Victor Emmanuel and Cavour. The German press of Vienna professes a good deal of sympathy with the "Fatherland," but no journal goes further than to advocate a "friendly" neutrality.

## FRANCE.

The reports of war preparations in France are no longer denied. On the contrary, prominence is given to accounts of experiments with a new light fieldpiece which is being manufactured for the French army. According to these accounts the cannon produces awfully destructive effects. Its range is said to be from 1800 to 2000 yards. These reports are meant of course to tell upon the German mind. They are not likely, however, to have much effect. Twenty battalions of chasseurs, and the whole of the infantry of two corps d'armée, are actually armed with the Chassepot (or as the men love to call it, the *Piercepeau*, or "Skinpiercer") musket. As this weapon is said by competent judges to be superior in every respect to the Prussian needle-gun, and as the men seem convinced of the fact, there is no fear of any panic arising on that score. The commands are said to be actually arranged, in case of the worst; the Emperor, it is said, will take the command in chief, with Count Palikao (General Montauban) for his Major-General; and Marshals MacMahon and Bazaine are, as might be expected, to have important positions. It is certain that the war spirit is beginning to pervade the troops, who have learnt to hate the Prussians more than any other enemy they ever came in contact with. A change, too, seems to be gradually coming over the population—the masses of the population of Paris. It is a great advance when we hear them say the Emperor is in the right when he insists, as he now does, not on the annexation of Luxemburg, but on its evacuation by the Prussians.

Letters from Toulon mention that the engagement of volunteers for the crews of the fleet, which had been provisionally suspended, has now been re-established, and on most favourable conditions, by Ministerial instructions, which order that no great rigour should be exercised in selecting willing young men who may present themselves. It is hoped by this measure to man the ships without having recourse to any levy of the seamen on the maritime inscription, who would in that case be reserved for cases of urgency.

It is curious that, while Paris is full of rumours of wars, the French Foreign Office exhibits the utmost serenity, and seems to scout the notion of peace being disturbed.

The tailors of Paris are on strike, and, as yet, there is no sign of any satisfactory arrangement being come to between the masters and the journeymen; and, as neither party is disposed to give way or to listen to a compromise, the strike, which occupies the public mind nearly as much as the fear of war, and quite as much as the Exhibition, the struggle seems likely to last for some time. Paris, however, has not the monopoly of strikes, they are spreading to the provinces; and the journeymen tailors of Macon, yielding to the exhortations of their brethren of the capital and emboldened by their example, demand an augmentation of 20 per cent on the present rate of wages, and refuse to make any concession, or to accept the 10 per cent advance offered to them.

## SPAIN.

Senor Corradi has presented in the Senate the following amendment to the bill of indemnity demanded by the Government on account of the recent exceptional acts of the Administration:—"The Senate declares the Ministry free from responsibility for all acts which have not been opposed to the principles of justice; but it does not adopt as laws the decrees which have been promulgated, because they render difficult the constitutional conciliation of parties, upon which the existence of our national institutions depends."

## ITALY.

The Austro-Italian Treaty of Commerce was signed on Tuesday by the Austrian Plenipotentiaries and by Signor Rattazzi and the Italian Minister of Agriculture.

In the Chamber of Deputies, on Wednesday, the convention with France for the allotment of the Pontifical debt came on for discussion; and, after a debate, was adopted by the Chamber. The Minister of Finance, replying to a question of Signor Laporta, announced that he will make his financial statement to the House in the sitting of May 6.

The Luxembourg question excited considerable interest, but the general feeling is that Italy should remain entirely neutral. This feeling, however, is said not to be shared by the King and his immediate friends, who are inclined to take the part of France. It is insinuated that the late change of Ministry had some connection with this question.

## AUSTRIA.

The Emperor Francis Joseph is expected at Buda Pesth at the beginning of May.

Russia, with its army of a million soldiers, is at present the great bugbear of Austrian politicians, and we hear a great deal about the activity of Russian emissaries both in the East and among the

Ruthenes of Galicia and the north of Hungary. There is no doubt that Russian agents are active in the East as well as among the Ruthenes. Russian agents are always active and numerous, but it by no means follows that Russia is anxious to bring matters to a climax at once in the East. There is a considerable difference between spending a hundred pounds on an emissary and a hundred millions on a war. Nevertheless, the fear of a war with Russia, and that soon—exists almost universally, and the fear of war itself has before now led to its own realisation.

## GERMANY.

A Royal decree has been issued convoking the Prussian Chambers for the 29th inst.

A military convention with Prussia was signed by the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt on the 17th inst. The ratifications have since been exchanged.

It is peremptorily denied that any warlike preparations are going on in Prussia; but this denial is not likely to have much weight with the outer world, in which similar declarations before the war with Austria are not forgotten.

The German National Union having received a congratulatory address from the Union Libérale of Bologna, has just forwarded a rather lengthy reply. The points upon which the principal stress is laid are—first, that the boundaries of Germany being already settled, there is no necessity for the rest of Europe to dread her aggression; and second, that, supposing her to be attacked by any more ambitious Power, she relies with confidence upon obtaining the assistance of Italy, or, at lowest, a friendly neutrality.

## PORTUGAL.

There has been some rioting in Oporto; and on Tuesday the Chamber of Peers postponed granting permission to his Majesty to leave the country, owing, we suppose, to these disturbances, which appear to be rather serious, as three regiments and a war steamer have been dispatched to suppress them.

## GREECE.

From Paris there comes some threatening news as to the East. It is that Greece has demanded of the Porte a rectification of frontier. This is another of those demands upon Turkey the ultimate object of which is to drive the Mohammedan out of Europe. Such a demand is almost equivalent to a declaration of war between the two Powers. Probably, another piece of news, which also comes from Paris, should be read along with the statement just noticed. It is that a marriage between the King of the Greeks and a daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia has been decided upon. Meantime, King George is on his travels, and was expected to reach Paris to-day (Saturday), whence he will proceed to England, and afterwards to Denmark, where his Majesty is expected to arrive about May 24.

## THE UNITED STATES.

The petition from Georgia to the Supreme Court in the matter of the Reconstruction Bill appears likely to bring about a serious conflict between the Legislature and the Executive. The petition was that the President should be restrained from executing the bill on the ground of its violation of the Constitution. The Attorney-General, in opposing it, argued that the Court could grant no decree restricting its exercise; that the President had exhausted his opposition by vetoing the bill; and that, it having once passed the House, his only duty was to execute the law as it stood. On behalf of the petitioners it was contended that it is the duty of the Supreme Court to decide contested points as to the constitutionality of any law; and that, such being the case, the present enactment was clearly within its cognisance. Here the matter rests for the present, but the question is still before the Court.

The Senate has adopted a resolution asking the President to furnish copies of any opinions given by the Attorney-General relative to the execution of the Tenure of Office Bill. Senator Sumner declared that he understood the President intended to continue the appointments after the adjournment of Congress, in violation of the bill.

A proposal introduced in the Senate for the mediation of the United States Government in the affairs of Mexico has been deferred until next Session.

The American Consul in Havannah has remonstrated against the enlistment of Spaniards in Cuba for the army of the Emperor Maximilian as a violation of the neutrality law. A statement has been forwarded to Washington showing that 200 men have been enlisted for the Imperial service.

There are indications of a bloody Indian war about to commence on the north-western frontier.

Accounts from Mexico, dated the 13th inst., state that the Emperor Maximilian had offered to surrender upon certain conditions. Juarez, however, demanded an unconditional surrender.

## INDIA.

The news from Bombay contains several items of interest. Mr. Massey's license tax excites increasing dissatisfaction, and a public meeting at Calcutta has been held to protest against it. In Bokhara the Russians are reported to be increasingly active; and, in consequence of their preparations, envoys from that country have been sent to solicit the aid of the British and Turkish authorities to prevent further aggression. Sir John Lawrence is expected to retire at the end of the year, in consequence of Lord Cranbourne's order that in future he should pass the summer at Calcutta. In the Panjab the impending distress has been averted by heavy falls of rain, which have greatly improved the prospects of the harvest; and in Cuttack the famine has somewhat abated, in consequence of the arrival of large quantities of rice.

## THE ROMAN COMMITTEE AND THE POPE.

The following proclamation from the Roman Party of Action has been distributed throughout the city, and affixed to the doors of the Church of San Luigi de Francesi:—

Romans.—The situation imposed upon Rome for the last seven years is unparalleled in history. While the whole of Italy arose to regain her nationality, by overthrowing the thrones of her tyrants, Rome was implored, for love of the nation, still to endure the tyranny of the Pope-King. While Italy declared that Rome was her capital, the Romans were still told they must continue patiently to endure the yoke of the priests. A constitution did not suffice to secure the sovereignty of the kings of Naples; the Council under the banner of the Holy Office was able to preserve the despots of the Vatican from fall. The Thousand of Marsala planted their flags upon the walls of Capua, but the 40,000 of Castelfidardo halted at Ponte Correse. A Roman General, the captain of the people, received at Capraia the grand cordon of the Annunziata for the liberation of Naples; but he was greeted with a bullet at Aspromonte for attempting to release Rome from the priests. And all this happened because between Rome and Italy—between the rights of the Romans and the crimes of priestly rule—there stood a flag of France, which fought with us in Lombardy for the freedom of Italy.

An end was at last put to this unnatural condition by the September Convention. Thereby diplomacy acknowledged the right of the Romans to decide upon their own rulers. From that day forth they have been masters of their own destinies. They entered into possession of this right upon the 15th of December, when the last Frenchman quitted Italian soil. Why did we not rise then? Why did we not show the world that nothing but force could retain us in slavery to the priests and separated from Italy? Because we Romans did not understand when boldness would have been prudence; because we did not perceive that the solution of the Roman question depended upon us alone, and that the power of the priesthood must gain strength with every delay.

New situations require new systems and new men. In consideration of this we have undertaken the duty imposed upon us by our friends, and we now appeal to all our fellow-citizens who are willing to join us. Are you desirous of overthrowing the rule of the Pope and uniting Rome to Italy as her capital? This is the only question we address to our allies. We intend to hasten the moment when Rome, while respecting in the Pope the head of the Catholic Church, casts down its temporal rule. It would be a crime to delay insurrection when its result is secure.

The insurrection in Rome will be supported by other simultaneous risings in the provinces which are still governed by the priests, and where centres allied with us have already been organised. A provisional government will be appointed as soon as the insurrection succeeds. Its functions will be—First, to protect order, property, right, and justice; second, to complete the national unity by joining the remainder of the States of the Church to Italy. The provisional government will make the fitting arrangements for

this last object, will conduct the plebiscite, and regulate the form of voting by majority.

Romans.—In 1849 a General, clothed with authority by your Government, left Rome with part of the army. He did not capitulate. He faithfully retained his commission, and fought every where for Italy and for us. This General of ours, the only man we recognise as such so long as we are not Italians, still lives, and is ready to combat and die for us. His name is Joseph Garibaldi. We send this our programme to him, counting upon his assent; may, upon his assistance. The persecution of the priests has scattered our brethren all over Italy and foreign lands. They must be united under one leader that they may all contribute their utmost to the salvation of the country. The leadership belongs to General Garibaldi; we invite him to exercise it through men he may appoint.

Brethren, within and outside of Rome! Let us forget jealousy, strife, and suspicion; let us unite ourselves and our strength for the overthrow of the temporal dominion. Many of us staked their lives for the freedom of Sicily from the Bourbon, and Lombardy and Venice from the Austrian. Shall it be said that the Romans fear the abridgement of the Pope? Let us unite. Will it strengthen. Let us exert our will, and the Papal realm will cease to exist; and the flag of Italy will hail Rome as the metropolis from the summit of the Seven Hills.

(Signed) THE CENTRE OF THE INSURRECTION.

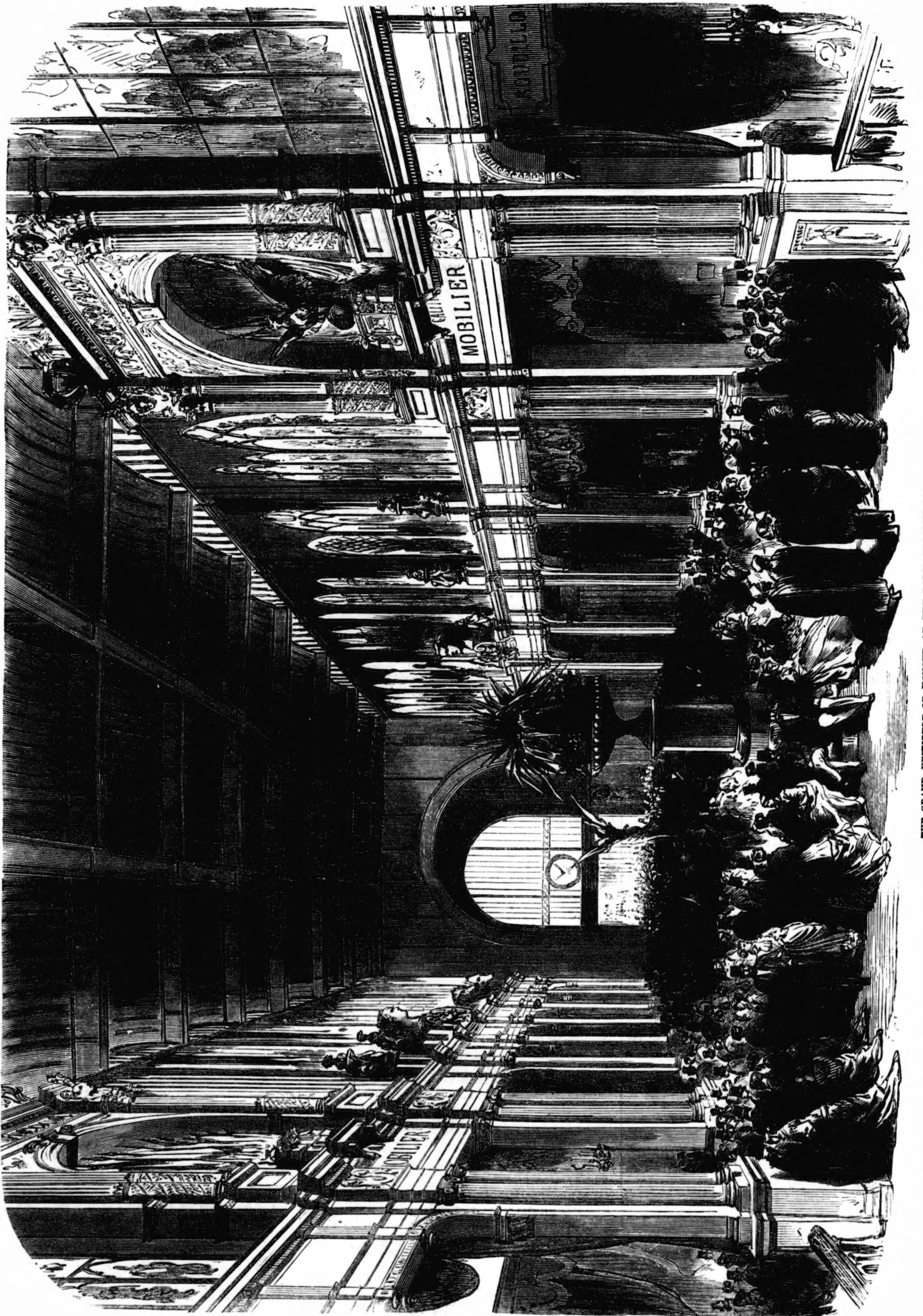
## THE GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

WE have already given an account of the opening of the Great Exhibition in Paris and of the non-ceremonial character of the inauguration. Our Engraving this week represents the grand vestibule as it appears in its decorative dress, and it was, according to competent authority, the only redeeming feature of the building by reason of its architectural beauty and fine proportions. Whether the visitor looked upwards at the grand entrance from the centre or either extremity of the Pont de Jéna, or, turning round, looked from the grand entrance down the finely sloping broad gravelled roadway, with its gilded and decorated festive masts raised on each side, and supporting the immense awning of rich, deep green cloth *parsemé* with golden bees, and looped up and sustained for its whole vast length by golden transverse and diagonal cordage, the effect was grand—worthy of the occasion and the place.

## AN APRIL SHOWER.

If I could have my choice—I, Private Smith, now on duty at the Horse Guards, and looking out from my niche at the people who come scudding for shelter from the rain—if I could have my choice, I don't know which I'd rather be, a giant or General Tom Thumb. I don't mean in point of size, because size after a certain standard, high or low, is nothing. A dwarf and a giant have to be equally taken care of, and are, perhaps, equally attractive. I'm six foot six myself; and, though if I was only two foot three I might be more noticeable, yet if I was seven foot seven I don't know but what I should require as much care as the General himself. It's the out-size, either way, that's the thing in these cases; and as giants are more tender-hearted and go sooner in the joints than dwarfs do, they're naturally set some store by, though the public don't very well understand that this is the reason why our fellows aint often called into active service. Not that we're giants, you understand; far from it—I'm not a giant myself; but yet I am an out-size, and as such here I am, contributing, I may say, to the happiness of my fellow-creatures, and especially my female fellow-creatures, by exhibiting myself, as a part of my duty, so many hours a day on show, and proudly regarding the world from a pedestal of horse-flesh. The General—by which I mean Tom Thumb—he has the best of it, I don't deny, in point of profit; for people paid to see him, bought his carte-de-visite, followed him everywhere, set up his carriage, made his fortune, and saw him happily married to somebody about his own size; whereas—but for! there was no dignity to speak of in such a life as that, and Chang was more sought after, as far as regarded what he did being thought a condescension. It's a rum thing how almost everything in this world seems to be reckoned up according to size, though. Nobody thinks of a dwarf condescending, just because he hasn't any call to stoop; and from what I've heard from a friend of mine that travels with a caravan, giants have gone out of fashion only because it's been discovered that they're mostly soft hearted fellows that have got a weakness for nursing children instead of eating 'em. Dwarfs now, as a rule (the General's such an exception that he must be a sort of a giant in disguise), are ill-tempered, spiteful, proud, conceited, little beggars; they're not disliked for being, as far as their temper goes, so precious high and mighty; they're laughed at because the general run of people can't understand dignity under five foot nine; but their bad temper's thought to be "only their fun." Is it? They only want a big body to show whether it's fun or no. But that is just the way with the public; so long as they aint in any danger they can laugh and be as knowing and vainglorious as you please; but directly there is a bit of a rumour, such as if a dwarf, with his funny spiteness, was suddenly to blow himself out into a giant, as the frog tried to do in the fable, whew! there's a pretty hubbub. That's where it is with us. It's enough to turn a tall man into a what do you call it? That hates human nature to sit here and see the grins and listen to the cheek of the civilians, and especially of the boys, while we're standing sentry; but let a war break out, and let a paragraph appear in the newspapers to the effect that it's been talked over at the War Office that the Household Brigade is to be sent into action, and then it's a horse of another colour; things look serious, and we hear all sorts of talk about the value of a charge of heavy cavalry and about bone and sinew and massive strength, and the standard of the British Army, and what not. I'm out o' sorts to-day, I do believe; but somehow I do get sick of it. If it wasn't for the women—bless their hearts!—I'd sooner be in the Grenadiers, though I shouldn't be much on a march till I'd got my legs into shape for leaving off jackboots. That's where it is—our legs is our weak point; and I'm aware of that when I'm dismounted. I want to double up, or at least double down, somewhere; and I always know that my feet are too wide apart and that boys behind me are looking through me at the country, as though I was a sort of a land-surveying instrument. There's nothing of this when we're on duty, and that's the only thing that makes it pleasant. We're regarded as—well, as waxwork—something above mere mortals then; and, though the wet splashes on the harness and makes some of the metal-work of my accoutrements all the harder to polish for parade to-morrow, I'm glad of this shower, if it's only to bring a few people together to look at me. Vanity, is it? Well, what isn't vanity? It's vanity, I suppose, that makes that girl with the perambulator stare as though I'd walked out of a picture-book. You'd better look after the two interesting infants, my dear, or they'll be out head first, in half a minute; but I musn't speak to you; and I've seen such a thing as a child run over through a nursemaid admiring me before to-day. It's not only nursemaids, either. Many a pretty young creature, mistress as well as maid, have I seen run in out of the rain, and look up at me with such a smile, as I made my horse stand steady, and edged away a little to make room for her, that I've been pretty high speaking to her out loud. They'd be quite surprised to hear me speak, bless you! That young man and woman that have just snuggled up under the umbrella, and are whispering together, would look precious guilty if they were to hear me so much as cough; it would be as though the statue of the Dook at the Royal Exchange suddenly sung out "cut behind!" What I don't approve of is that I should be used as a sort of a decoy by that recruiting sergeant—a fellow in a Line regiment. Not that I think the couple of cads he's got hold of are likely to be caught with chaff; but still it's only natural to look at me and think what a glorious position—fame and admiration, and a people's pride, and a country's gratitude, and all that sort of thing. If that cheeky young beggar, with the sack over his head, don't leave off cutting his capers in front of me, I'll wait till he gets a little closer, and then pretend to ride out at him; though I don't know why I should—let him have his game. I was a boy myself once, and the shower's pretty well over. I feel more comfortable now; and here comes the relief.





THE GRAND VESTIBULE OF HONOUR AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.





AN APRIL SHOWER: THE HORSE GUARDS.



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SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ON the Continent the talk is all of war. France and Germany—at least, French and German newspapers—are exceedingly bellicose in their deliverances. The martial spirit of both nations is appealed to, their respective means of offensive and defensive warfare are calculated, their fortresses are enumerated, their rifles and cannon are compared, their respective traditions are evoked, their old enmities are recalled, their several alliances are counted; in short,

They 'gin to reckon kin and rent,  
And frowning brow on brow is bent;

and the little duchy of Luxemburg—or, rather, the big fortress of Luxemburg—is made of greater importance than its apparent value warrants. France and Germany could both do very well without Luxemburg; but, then, neither will agree to let the other have it, nor yet will they consent to let it alone as it is. The Emperor of the French says he is willing to forego his claims if Prussia will abandon hers. But Prussia, being in possession, “does not seem to see it” in that light. She has got the fortress of Luxemburg, and she means to keep it. And so there is a very pretty quarrel for you, with a tolerably fair prospect of Europe being the scene of a sanguinary conflict ere many weeks—perhaps days—pass by. Should such a war break out, it will probably be a more serious affair than that which last year witnessed. Whatever may be the ultimate result, Prussia is sure to find in France a far more “ugly customer” than Austria proved herself; and France, on the other hand, will have in Prussia—we ought, perhaps, to say Germany—a decidedly harder nut to crack than she had at Magenta and Solferino. In fact, a conflict between two such nations is certain to prove a war of giants; and neither Solferinos nor Sadowas are to be hoped for. The contest, therefore, will in all likelihood be prolonged and bloody; it cannot fail to be disastrous to both parties concerned; and it will entail serious inconveniences upon neighbouring nations, even if they manage to keep out of the fray. It is, therefore, earnestly to be deprecated. But we fear deprecation will not hinder its occurrence. Both France and Germany seem bent on fighting; and, when people are in that mood, fight they will, whatever considerations may militate against the act. The French Emperor has proposed terms of arrangement, or is supposed to have done so; and from this fact, some people are inclined to infer that *he* is disinclined for war; while others think that the French people are unwilling to jeopardise the prestige they possess and the prosperity they enjoy for the sake of so unimportant an acquisition as Luxemburg would be, even if gained. But, meanwhile, in France preparations for war go on with great vigour, and with very little effort at concealment. The Prussian Government disclaims all desire for war, and denies making preparations for it. But such denials must be taken for what they are worth. Count Bismarck and his master have played the game of denial too recently, and with too little truthfulness, for much dependence to be placed on their asseverations now. Whether or not, therefore, a solution of the difficulty may yet be found, the prospect at present looks gloomy enough.

Of the course likely to be pursued by neighbouring nations no accurate estimate can be formed. Russia makes no sign. Austria has little reason to love either party to the dispute, for both have but recently been instrumental in bringing upon her humiliations, at least, if not material losses: she will probably, therefore, stand aloof; and wisely. England, of course, will not actively interfere—she has at present no occasion to do so. But the position of Italy and the course she may be induced to take excite both interest and anxiety. Her friends desire that she should remain strictly neutral; and this, doubtless, is her wisest course. But nations are not always wise, any more than individuals; and sinister rumours are abroad regarding the inclinations of the King and his immediate personal advisers. Still prudent counsels may, and we hope will, prevail at Florence. Assuredly, nothing that Italy could possibly gain by a war would render it worth engaging in. The first volley fired would be over the grave of Italian credit; bankruptcy would precede the first battle. And of this most Italians seem to be aware. Having accomplished her own national unity, Italy desires peace and leisure to set her house in order. She has grave difficulties of her own to contend with, and a hard task to perform in rectifying her finances and in consolidating the gains she has already won. The Italians fully realise their present critical position, and it must be said, to their honour, that their most ardent and absorbing desire seems at present to be to surmount their financial difficulties and avoid bankruptcy, even at the cost of the heaviest sacrifices. Italy ought not, then,

and need not, involve herself in the Franco-Germanic quarrel. She has excellent excuses for holding aloof, and for resisting the solicitations of both sides. France and Prussia have each done her valuable service; she owes each a debt of gratitude; and may fairly plead these facts as justifying her in declining to fight against either.

Disturbances seem to be brewing in other quarters also. In fact, the whole air of the Continent is full of warlike noises. Austria, it is alleged, is suspicious of Russia, which is supposed to nourish unhandsome designs upon the Kaiser's Polish provinces, as well as upon the European possessions of the “Sick Man” at Constantinople. Greece, too, it is asserted, has all but declared war upon the Sultan, who, with the Cretan insurrection still upon his hands, is full of troubles and menaced by many dangers, which must seriously disturb his comfort if they do not ruin his already impaired health. In the presence of the possible gigantic struggle in the West, however, these Eastern questions dwindle for the present into insignificance; but they may be pregnant with danger in the future, and therefore crave wary watching.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, with the junior members of the Royal family, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal household, is expected to leave Windsor Castle for Osborne early next week.

THE POPE gave the usual benediction, *urbi et orbi*, from the balcony of the Vatican, on Easter Sunday. His Holiness was enthusiastically received by the immense assemblage.

HIS HAWAIIAN MAJESTY has conferred upon Sir John Bowring the cross of a Knight Commander of the Order of Kamehameha I.

MR. PEABODY has received from the Empress Eugénie an autograph letter complimenting him for the munificent liberality he has displayed on both sides of the Atlantic, and characterising him as “the great benefactor of humanity.”

THE STATUE of the late Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral, for which Parliament voted a sum of £20,000 in 1858, will be completed in about two years.

SERGEANT-MAJOR BROWN has been gazetted Cornet by purchase in the 17th Lancers. It appears that the £450 required for the purchase was given to Mr. Brown for that purpose by his commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Drury Lowe, who has also recommended him for the vacant adjutancy.

THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS have been enriched by the arrival of a Lyre bird (*Menura superba*) from New Holland. It is the first Lyre bird ever brought to Europe alive.

AN EPIDEMIC is said to have broken out in the poultry-yards around Poitiers, and some of them are reported to have been entirely depopulated.

PRIZES amounting to £800 are to be offered by the coal-proprietors of South Lancashire and Cheshire for the best machines for cutting coal.

A LARGE SHOAL of WHALES appeared in the Firth of Forth last week, and, an attack having been made upon them by fishermen and others, a number of fish were captured. This whale-hunt was a most exciting bit of sport.

BEEES SWARMED in some parts of Dorsetshire the early part of this month. The cuckoo was heard in the New Forest last week. The bloom on the fruit-trees throughout the New Forest is looking very promising.

THE SUNDAY-TRADING BILL brought in by Mr. T. Hughes, M.P., and Viscount Amberley's bill for the sanction of Sunday lectures are obnoxious to the Wesleyan Conference, which, it is said, has authorised its “Sabbath committee” to oppose them.

THE PRUSSIAN GARRISON IN LUXEMBURG, according to a letter from that city, has not been increased of late; it is at this moment below its ordinary strength, and it consists only of two regiments, one from Nassau and one from the Rhine, with two companies of artillerymen and a few engineers.

A YANKEE has invented a small vessel to cross the Atlantic without sails or steam. The motive power is on the principle of a windmill.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, seventy-eight years of age, living at Brentwood, Essex, has within the last few days had a pension of 9d. a day settled upon him for services performed in the Peninsular War. He was a seven years' man, and left the Army in January, 1817.

SERBIAN TROOPS have left Belgrade for Semendria and Festina, to garrison those fortresses in place of the Turks.

DR. BRISTOWE, of St. Thomas's Hospital, and Mr. Holmes, of St. George's, have been nominated for the task of inspecting and reporting on the fitness of those wards of Greenwich Hospital proposed to be given up for the Dreadnought patients.

REFORM DEMONSTRATIONS have been held this week at Leeds, Plymouth, Newcastle, and a host of other places, at which the Government Bill was generally condemned and resolutions of confidence in Mr. Gladstone were passed. These meetings are described as having been numerously attended and most enthusiastic.

MORRISSEY, the American pugilistic member of Congress, has been expelled the House for conducting himself in an unbearable manner and insisting upon the business of the House being conducted according to the principles of the P. R.

MR. MURRAY DUNLOP has announced to the electors of Greenock that he will not again offer himself for re-election. Mr. Dunlop assigns as a reason for adopting this course the coming long and arduous struggles which he foresees will result from the passing of the present Reform Bill, and into which he is unable to enter as he could wish on account of advancing years.

THE draining, fencing, and laying out the roads in Southwark Park has been undertaken for £7281. Had the highest tenders been accepted, the cost would have been £19,015. This is interesting as an exemplification of the disparity of contractors' estimates.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT has done all that Lord Stanley required in respect to the Queen Victoria. A telegram was received on Sunday at the Foreign Office from her Majesty's Minister at Madrid, in which this announcement is made.

THE LENDALL HOTEL, at St. Louis, the largest hotel in America, was destroyed by fire on March 31. There were about 400 inmates at the time, but all escaped. The loss is estimated at 1,600,000 dollars.

THE SPRING MACKEREL SEASON, now nearly at an end, has been very remunerative to the bulk of the Cornish fishermen. During the past week upwards of 150 tons of fine mackerel were caught, and of this supply more than 100 tons were forwarded to London. The fish were retailed in Cornwall at six and seven for a shilling, but much better prices were made by the London market.

THE *Caledonian Mercury*, which claimed to be the oldest newspaper in Scotland, and which for some months past was issued in the form of an evening halfpenny paper, ceased on Saturday to be published, after an existence (since 1662) of more than two centuries.

WILLIAM SANDILANDS, the last survivor of those who carried Nelson to the cockpit after he had received his death-wound, died, at Tewkesbury, on Thursday morning. Deceased, who was in his ninetieth year, was borne on the Victory's books as William Sanders. He had been bedridden for years.

THE OPERATIVE TAILORS of LONDON held a meeting on Monday in the Alhambra Palace, to consider whether they should or should not strike for the adoption of a new “time log” which has been drawn up. The meeting was almost unanimous in favour of the strike, and resolutions to that effect were adopted. The tailors are now on strike accordingly. A treaty of alliance with the operative tailors of Paris and Brussels was signed.

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON, having been asked to subscribe to a testimonial to Colonel Richards as the originator of the volunteer movement of 1859, has forwarded a subscription, accompanied by a letter, dated Freshwater, Isle of Wight, April 19, in which he says:—“I most heartily congratulate you on your having been able to do so much for your country, and I hope that you will not cease from your labours until it is the law of the land that every man-child in it shall be trained to the use of arms.”

A LADY of UPPER CLAPTON, lately deceased, wishing to give the National Life-Boat Institution the cost of a life-boat, had for many years past been saving money for that benevolent object. At her death, her relatives found that these savings actually amounted to £450, which they, a few days since, presented to the institution, with a request that a life-boat may be named the “George and Anne,” and be stationed on the Isle of Wight, which request has been readily complied with.

THE SECOND EXHIBITION of THE NATIONAL PORTRAITS will open at South Kensington about the middle of May, and contain nearly nine hundred pictures. Not fewer than 150 works of Reynolds and Gainsborough are comprised in this most promising gathering. The period now represented extends from the Revolution, when the first Portrait Exhibition ended, to the beginning of the present century.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

ALL the world talks as if everything was practically settled by the division on the morning of Saturday, the 13th. More than once or twice I have heard the remark, “I suppose the Reform Bill will pass now.” Let me, then, tell your readers what has really been done. The amendment which Gladstone proposed and which the Committee rejected by 310 to 289 was simply this—Clause 3 of the bill proposes that every man who is of full age, &c., and is on the last day of July in any year, and has been during the whole of two years, an inhabitant occupier, as owner or tenant, of any dwelling-house within the borough, and has during the time of such occupation been rated in respect of such premises to the poor, shall have a vote. Gladstone moved that the man shall have a vote “whether he in person or his landlord be rated to the relief of the poor.” In short, that compound householders shall have votes. The amendment was rejected, and this, excepting the passing of the first two formal clauses, is all that has been done. Clause 3, which Mr. Gladstone desired to amend, has not been passed, and when the Committee begins its work on Thursday next the Chairman will again put the question, “That clause 3 do stand part of the bill;” and then the next amendment in order will be proposed, unless it should be withdrawn. This stands in the name of Earl Grosvenor, and is simply a proposal to substitute for household suffrage a five-pound ratable qualification, so drawn as to enfranchise compound householders. Whether Earl Grosvenor will propose his amendment I cannot say; but I am disposed to think he will not, for, though the Committee on that division merely rejected the proposal to include compound householders, it was well known that Gladstone introduced this amendment preparatory to another to fix the qualification at five pounds ratable; and it was understood that this was really the question at issue. Earl Grosvenor can propose his amendment, of course, if he chooses to do so; but, in the face of such a majority, he, I should think, would hardly deem it worth while to press it. There are, however, many other amendments on the paper; and clause 3 will scarcely get passed without several nights' debate. Gladstone has dropped his other amendments still on the paper. There are only two to this clause. The one that substitutes a £5 ratable franchise of course drops; but the one which proposes to reduce the two years' residence to one year might have been proposed, and perhaps with success. Possibly some other member will take up Mr. Gladstone's dropped child and adopt it.

Mr. Roebuck has a lodger franchise to propose. Mr. M. Cullagh-Torrens has an amendment to the same effect; but the most important amendment stands in the name of Mr. Hibbert. I will give you this amendment, and then tell you why I deem it important—

Mr. Hibbert.—Clause 3, at end add, “Provided, that where the owner is rated in respect of a dwelling house instead of the occupier, the occupier may claim to be rated for the purpose of acquiring the franchise, in the same manner, and subject to the same conditions in and subject to which an occupier may claim to be registered under the Act of the 14th and 15th Victoria, in reference to compound householders of a clear yearly value of not less than £10; and all the provisions of the said Act shall apply accordingly.”

This amendment would enable all compound householders under £10 to claim to be put on the register, with but little trouble or without the payment of any money; and it is important because it would bring us very near to household suffrage pure and simple; and, further, because it is rumoured that the Government is not unwilling to accept it. If it should be accepted, subsequent clauses will have to be altered.

In Earl Russell's younger days he suddenly became disgusted with his position. He had fought then some years, and gained so little, and his way seemed to be all dammed up with no visible opening ahead, he, in despair, talked of retiring from the political arena. Whereupon, Thomas Moore had to seize his harp and disenchanted the noble Lord from his spell, which some evil spirit—possibly the evil spirit of dyspepsia—had flung over him. The bard succeeded. Lord John threw despair to the winds, nerved himself again for the fight, and very soon afterwards the clouds before him lifted, and he began a series of battles, crowned ultimately with victories which it has fallen to the lot of very few statesmen to achieve. Now, it seems, Mr. Gladstone, with less reason, is desponding. I say, with less reason; for, where Russell, in those old Tory days, had some reason to despond, Gladstone has none. Moreover, Russell then had conquered nothing; whereas Gladstone is the hero of a hundred fights. Shall our Gladstone, then, succumb? That be far from us to allow. There is, though, I venture to assert, no fear that he will. This is only a passing cloud. It will soon be gone—albeit there be no bard now to charm it away, as David disenchanted Saul with his harp. Indeed, unless Gladstone flings up his seat in Parliament, and expatriates himself, he must be a party leader. Fancy Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons and not the leader of the Liberal party, if you can. At the first meeting of the three Consuls of France, General Bonaparte, Ducos, and Siéyès, the latter said something about a president; whereupon Ducos replied, “The General takes the chair, of course?” Of course! Who could pre-empt to take the chair, “the General” being present? He, whether in this chair or that, would preside; and Gladstone, being in the House, must lead his party wherever he sits. Yes, reader, whether elected by his party or not, Gladstone, be sure, must lead it. He is elected by a higher decree than that of popular suffrage. If genius, eloquence, vast knowledge, lofty aims, unimpeachable integrity be divine things, he holds this place by right divine. Invidious comparisons have been made between Palmerston's leading and Gladstone's. Well, the difference between the two is just this: Palmerston degraded and devalued the House. Gladstone aims at elevating it. Palmerston was certainly a very clever and successful leader; but we are now paying dearly for this success. Indeed, if Palmerston had not been so successful—successful in depraving the House, Gladstone would not now be in such a difficult position.

It is amusing to me as I travel about to hear the middle-class farmers, shopkeepers, and others denouncing agitation and agitators, sending Beales and Co. to an unmentionable place, and hurling imprecations at the heads of Bright, Forster, and others. “We should be very well if these demagogues would let us alone. We could pass a Reform Bill without all this agitation and excitement.” So ignorant are these good people of one of the most patent facts in our history—to wit, that Monarchs, Governments, and even Parliaments never did and never will concede anything to the people until the people shall have become so excited that it is dangerous any longer to withhold their rights. You cannot find a single instance of a gratuitous Royal or Government grant of liberties to the people. If there were no other reason than the natural indolence of governments, that is sufficient. All governments have a tendency to stagnate into lazy inaction; and, so far from originating anything new, governments will scarcely perform their ordinary duties unless they are stimulated by the whip and spur of popular agitation. If the people, therefore, want their liberties and franchises enlarged, they must agitate, or they will never get what they want. Neither is agitation dangerous. On the contrary, it is both the sign and promoter of health. “It may be carried too far.” Not in this country; moderate concession always stops agitation here. Give the people a £5 ratable franchise, and all agitation would cease at once.

The publication of a third volume of “Dissertations and Discussions,” by Mr. J. S. Mill, is, of course, the signal for a general renewal in the Tory and the hypocritical-Liberal press of the wearisome-repeated criticisms on his brief career in Parliament and out of it as a public speaker. You know, Mr. Editor, what I mean:—“See, here is an exhibition! What a disgrace to human nature! Contrast the Mill of the study, so measured and so wise, with the Mill of the tribune! Poor man; it's a pity he lets himself down so!” All this, Sir, is chiefly the outcome of the spite of “the false Duesen” of Toryism and Conservative-Liberalism (*q. d.* Angular-Rotundity) at finding all the first-class men enrolled in arms against it when the time for action comes. But it is the sort of cry that could only be raised by intensely stupid people. All warfare is, from the nature of things, partisan. What is an impartial soldier? Conceive him, with a gun that shoots round a corner, and hits now



the right side, and now the left! But the fact is, Mr. Mill has been perfectly consistent in all he has said and done. The first the *binding*, tie in warfare of all kinds—sympathy, not opinion; and could anyone now doubt where Mr. Mill's sympathies lay and will ever lie? What! when he expressly says tyrannicide is not necessarily a crime, and that every adult member of a State (being neither mad nor criminal) is entitled to some voice in its government! The surprise expressed by Conservatives and false Liberals at certain things boldly said and done by Mr. Mill on the Radical side, is only part and parcel of that general *tactique* of hypocritical attack by which they have tried, with too much success, to disorganise the Liberal party, already enfeebled as it was by the long Palmerstonian régime. Still more base has been their constant quotation of Mr. Mill's remark that the cultivated classes are "habitual liars." This they have impudently put beside Mr. Lowe's unlucky (but too much fussed about) abuse of certain classes. But they take care not to add that Mr. Mill says that one way to improve the "habitual liars" is to give them their just rights in a free constitution—that a false social position must tend to make liars of any class whatsoever. Sir, I think the manner in which "the press" have for some time past been lecturing a great man like Gladstone for his "temper," and a great man like Mill for his partisanship, is a token that "the press," like the House of Commons, wants to be put to its purgation, as Hamlet says.

From a halpaign in this week's number of *Punch* it is to be concluded that your contemporary has hastened to fill the gap left in his ranks by the lamented death of poor Bennett. The services of Mr. Gibbet, who has hitherto been a contributor to *Fun*, have been secured, and I have no doubt that talented young artist will assert himself ably in the new field offered to him, and amply justify the wisdom of *Punch's* selection, and the predictions of many friends and admirers who—myself among the number—have long watched his career. I hope he will be as prosperous as Mr. Burnand of "Happy Thoughts," who, it will be remembered, marched in the columns of *Fun* before he was placed on the staff of the elder journal.

#### THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

"The Great City," by Mr. William Beverley (with occasional illustrative dialogue by Mr. Andrew Halliday), was produced, at DURY LANE, on Monday last, with moderate success. It is eminently a scene-painter's piece, the author having apparently been called in at the last moment to string together such morsels of dialogue as were necessary to reclaim the piece from being a mere peep-show. Mr. Halliday has no right to do this. He is known as a remarkably pleasant essayist and as a successful farce-writer, and he may rest assured that he will in no respect add to the reputation he has fairly won by going out of his usual beat to write apologetic dialogue for Mr. Beverley's scenery. A real toll-gate and a genuine lunsom are capital things in their way, but they are not worth a scene to themselves. But for the necessity of writing up to these properties, the first act might with perfect propriety (and with infinitely more probability) have ended with the first scene. But no; Mr. Halliday has received instructions to bring in the toll-bar, and so, in order to allow of its being firmly fixed in its place in front of a flat representing Waterloo Bridge, an absurdly improbable "front scene" is introduced. Anything more flimsy in character, or more clumsy in construction, than this "Great City" I have not seen for a long time. The first scene is more like the rehearsal of a scene out of the "comic business" of a pantomime, with the principal pantomimists in plain clothes, than anything else. As for the plot, what there is of it that is intelligible bears too marvellous a resemblance to a portion of Mr. Dickens's "Great Expectations" to justify Mr. Halliday in calling it his own. Pip, in Mr. Halliday's piece, is a lady, and the convict who provides for her falls from the roof of a house instead of being cut down by a Hamburg steamer. With these two modifications (which do not demand an extraordinary mental effort to bring about) the main plot of "The Great City" is the main plot of "Great Expectations." There is one good scene in the piece—that in which a set of schemers get up a bubble company; but this is materially injured by the introduction of a dreadfully comic flunkey of the received Surrey type, who has been grossly familiar with his mistress's guests at her party in "Belgravia," in a previous scene. Edith, the heroine (capitally played by Miss Madge Robertson, a debutante at this theatre), belongs to the true *London Journal* type; and, indeed, there is hardly a character in the piece of which the same remark may not be made. The scenery is, for the most part, admirable: the Waterloo Bridge scene and the scene representing the roof-tops of London are particularly worthy of mention. The last scene, which is intended to realise Mr. Frith's picture of "The Derby Day," is a failure. The interiors might be improved; and the evening party in "Belgravia" is a thing to make one shriek aloud? When will scenic artists learn that aristocratic rooms are not ordinarily panelled with green and crimson, with gold scrolls? The room, in this case, looks more like the interior of a casino or a flashy public-house than a lady's drawing-room. Mr. Beverley and his brother artists should learn that there are such things as wall papers in common use, even in the best houses in London. The ceiling of the room is fretted and arched like the interior of a mosque; and, to judge from the rooms I saw, the area which the whole house must occupy is about the size of Belgrave-square. I may remark, moreover, that whilst and chers do not ordinarily go on in the dancing-rooms. If Mr. Carterton felt it absolutely necessary to introduce his real chessmen he should have instructed Mr. Halliday to write a scene to bring them in. Anyway, they had no right where they were. The piece is not very well acted. Indeed, with the exception of Miss Madge Robertson, Mr. McIntyre—who played the Magwitch of the piece (here called Mogg)—and Mr. C. Warner (who played an estate young nobleman very well), the acting was in no case above mediocrity, and in only one or two instances up to it. Mr. Cowper disappointed me in his part of Jacob Blount, M.P., a speculating statesman. I had formed hopeful anticipations of this gentleman after seeing him in "The Long Strike;" but they are not destined to be realised during the run of "The Great City," at all events. I sincerely trust that this is the first and last time that Mr. Halliday will consent to prostitute his intellect at the shrine of a scenic artist. He can do better things than this.

The *STRAND* burlesque, "Pygmalion; or, the Statue Fair," written by Mr. W. Brough. It is a bright, smart piece, very fairly written, but rather carelessly constructed. It is considerably too long—it would be an immeasurably better burlesque if it were half an hour shorter. Indeed, this remark applies to most pieces of this class. Burlesque requirements demand parts for so many young ladies, to say nothing of the two low comical boys and the "old man," that it is a matter of some difficulty to keep the piece within proper limits, and yet supply the requisite number of distinct characters. However, considering that Mr. D. James, Mr. Thorne, Miss Raynham, Miss J. Garland, and Miss Ada Swanborough must be on the stage during the greater part of the piece, and that about a dozen other ladies and gentlemen must be provided with parts of greater or less importance, Mr. Brough has done his task with creditable neatness. There are far too many "breakdowns" in the piece to suit my taste; but I am bound to say that the audience at large did not appear to be of my opinion. The scenery is good, but hardly up to Mr. Fenton's usual mark. The dresses are handsome. The piece will no doubt be successful; and on the first night Mr. Brough received the customary honour of a call.

The only Easter novelty at the LYCEUM is a little ballet called "The Satyr," which affords M. Espinosa, the dancer who made such a sensation at the Princess's five years ago, an opportunity of making his first appearance in England since that date. M. Espinosa is a singularly agile and graceful dancer, and he is well seconded by Mlle. Sophie. The ladies of the corps de ballet would have danced more accurately if they had had a few more rehearsals.

Another new ballet at the ALHAMBRA! and a ballet, too, in every way worthy of the establishment, which has quite a speciality for that kind of entertainment. The name of this novelty is "The

Bower of Pearls"; and, in respect of music, scenery, dresses, and dancing, is thoroughly up to the Alhambra standard; and that is saying about as much in praise as it is well possible to say. The piece, which was produced on Saturday night last, was thoroughly successful.

#### A LOUNGER AT DOVER.

"PASTIME with good company I love, and shall until I die." So sung King Henry VIII., in a ballad of which he wrote the words and composed the music. The review at Dover was certainly most excellent pastime. It happened to me to enjoy it in good company, and in this wise. A precursor engaged for our party houses at a few miles distance from Dover, where we were all well accommodated. Every evening we dined together, and mirth was plentiful; while each morning, from the Thursday to the Easter Monday, had its excursion. Some of us walked along the shore, others went inland, and at the dinner-table all related what the Yankees call "experiences." One set had travelled miles without the chance of refreshment, and returned literally as hungry as hunters. The wag of the company boasted of carrying about with him and living upon a supply of "pemican"—to other folk a peculiarly nasty compound of fat, animal fibre, and currants. Another party, principally artists, ranged the seashore from Sandgate to Hythe, where they fell upon a lovely tavern kept by a gigantic drill-sergeant of "mounted huss-cavalry," as Artemus Ward hath it. Here was a large empty room, whitewashed very stiffly; and as some fragments of charcoal lay about the fire-grate, the opportunity was too attractive to be neglected. In a few minutes the walls were decorated with marvellously effective sketches—mostly caricature portraits of personages renowned among the volunteers. Lord Ranelagh was portrayed on a horse with certainly not less than seven legs, and with one long curl streaming in the wind. Next to him was his well-known aide-de-camp, Sergeant Harris, with a sword half as long again as himself, flying, on horseback, ten feet above the earth, leaving behind him a trail of dead comically foreshortened. Then, by another hand, was sketched Private William Barlow (Q. W. R. V.), with a black eye and his thumbs turned outwards at "attention." When the giant landlord viewed all these things, great was his joy: "The room was to be papered next week, Gentlemen; but now it won't be. Only wish I'd had a new sign-board ready!"

And now for a little serious bit of grumbling. The volunteers—there need be no mincing the matter—were shamefully pillaged by the hotel and lodging-house keepers and the refreshment sellers of Dover and Folkestone. I do not, and cannot, complain of the treatment of our party at Sandgate—some miles away. But at Dover I heard a landlord of an hotel avow that he had refused to entertain a metropolitan regiment, so far as his house could accommodate them, at 13s. a day each. Now, divide this into, say, bed, 2s. 6d.; breakfast, 2s.; luncheon, 2s.; dinner, 3s., and attendance, 1s., there might still remain a sufficient surplus to satisfy ordinary cupidity. But this was not sufficient for the host of the —. I will not name the "hotel," which was certainly no better than the ordinary style of commercial inn. But I will add one or two instances of the way in which, contrary to martial usage, the army of occupation was subjected to rapine. At one place eightpence was charged for a cup of coffee. At the headquarters of a metropolitan corps a quart of dirty mixture, mis-called porter, cost its purchaser a shilling. A friend of mine paid eight shillings, and an extra shilling for attendance, for a bed in a garret for one night. At the railway station a "review sandwich," intrinsically worth not more than threepence at the most, was to be had by the hungry for sixpence; and a plate of cold beef, with bread and pickles for eightpence. But, perhaps, the worst of all was the distribution of beverages at certain stations on the road home. I saw a thirsty volunteer, a bandsman, one of a party, pay tenpence (in reality a shilling, as he took no change) for a small bottle labelled "Bass's Pale Ale." All who tasted it made wry faces. I did not touch it, but the smell thereof was that of exceedingly bad vinegar. I have nothing to tell of the sham fight itself, beyond this, that it was the most glorious sight I ever beheld. I leave the task of its delineation and description to your artists and graphic writers. I have only to say that if a volunteer review is to be made an excuse and an opportunity for extortion by refreshment-dealers of every description, from the grand hotel-keepers to the railway restaurateurs and garret landladies, there will soon be an outcry for the limitation of gatherings, which ought to be national, to localities to which every volunteer may readily carry his physical requirements in his own haversack.

RESTORATIONS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—Some very beautiful restorations which have lately been made in Westminster Abbey, under the superintendence of Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., have now been opened to public view. They consist of an altar-table, the reredos or altar-screen, the sedilia, and the tessellated pavement surrounding the altar. The work was originated by the Rev. Lord John Thynne, the Sub-Dean, and has been carried out under his direction. It has cost upwards of £6000. The original altar-screen was executed about the time of Edward IV., and was of extreme richness. Queen Ann presented to Westminster Abbey a marble altar-piece which had been prepared for Whitehall Chapel, and the fine old screen was actually mutilated to make way for the fresh acquisition. In 1824 Queen Ann's marble gift was removed, and Bernasconi, the celebrated Italian plasterer, was employed to restore the Edward screen, then almost annihilated, in artificial stone. He did so skilfully enough, and at the same time other works were made in cement and plaster. The present Chapter, at length, feeling strongly the meanness of the material in which these works were executed, determined to renew the altar-table and the reredos in more worthy materials. This has now been done, and the work reproduced in 1824 has been retranslated into alabaster and marble. In doing this the greatest care has been taken to follow implicitly every existing evidence of the original design. The cemented altar is replaced by one of very rich design, chiefly wrought in cedar; its slab is of costly marble. A so-called monument to King Sebert, traditional founder of the Abbey, made of brick, cement, and tar-cord, has been removed. It was set up in 1824 by the authorities who had the other plastering and sham done. It was put over the seat of the ancient sedilia, which have been now restored. The tessellated pavement has been made new and of its ancient dimensions. The sculptured subjects anciently contained on the cornice have been replaced with new ones.

THE MANCHESTER COBDEN MEMORIAL.—The statue of the late Mr. Cobden, which has been erected in St. Ann's square, Manchester, was formally inaugurated on Monday. In honour of the occasion there was a grand procession of trades, temperance, friendly, political, and other societies, with bands of music, banners, &c., which started at two o'clock from the stone flags between the Peel and Wellington statues in front of the Royal Infirmary; and, after going through the principal streets of the town, ended in St. Ann's square. The large square was filled with people, and the windows and tops of the different buildings were occupied by more fortunate spectators. A platform had been erected just in front of the statue, and was mounted by a number of gentlemen who had been connected with Mr. Cobden in the free-trade movement. Amongst them were the Mayor of Manchester; Mr. Bazley, M.P.; Sir Ekanah Armitage, Mr. Henry Ashworth, Mr. George Wilson (formerly chairman of the League), Mr. Charles Cobden, Mr. John Slagg, Mr. William Slagg, Mr. Hugh Mason; Mr. Whitworth, M.P.; Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. Malcolm Ross (president of the Chamber of Commerce), Mr. S. Watts, Mr. Francis Taylor, Mr. H. Rawson, Dr. J. Watts, Alderman Crewdson, Mr. Robertson Gladstone, and Alderman Rumney. The Mayor of Manchester presided; and, after a few introductory words, called upon Dr. John Watts to read the report, stating the amount of funds subscribed and the purposes to which they were to be applied. In addition to the monument a portion of the money is to be expended in the endowment of a chair of political economy in Owen's College. Mr. George Wilson then delivered a speech in which he spoke of the life of Richard Cobden and the work which he accomplished. At a pre-arranged signal the covering of the statue was withdrawn, and Mr. Wilson formally gave it to the Mayor and Corporation on behalf of the memorial committee. The Mayor, in accepting the gift, spoke of the prominent position which Mr. Cobden occupied as a member of the Corporation of the city, and of the special services he had rendered to the citizens. Mr. Bazley, M.P., Mr. Robert on Gladstone, Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. Hugh Mason, Mr. Abel Heywood, and other gentlemen also addressed the assembled multitude. The statue is the work of Mr. Marshall Wood. The likeness is admirable. The great freetrader is represented "in his habit as he lived"—plainly dressed in stout, vest, and trousers, with his head uncovered, in a slightly stooping attitude, and his arm slightly extended, as if in the act of addressing an audience. The cost of the statue is £2500. It stands upon a lofty pedestal of red granite; the panel facing the Exchange having inscribed on it the single word "Cobden."

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

WE trust that the success which has attended the opening of the two rooms for water-colour drawings this year will encourage the society to persevere another year. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the advantage which this accommodation offers to the school which is, *par excellence*, the English school. The Old and New Water-Colour Societies devote space only to the works of members, and, when the size of their galleries and the industry of their associates are considered, we cannot complain of their rule. The Dudley Gallery, which at first seemed to promise the long-desired opening for young artists not yet graduated at the societies, has by no means answered the expectations. The chief advantages that are derived from it are possibly those which members of the committee derive in the early opportunities they enjoy for the purchase of cheap pictures that can be sold with advantage. As, however, the furtherance of the picture-dealing interest can hardly be said to be the encouragement of art in the proper sense, we have to look elsewhere for a free and open water-colour gallery. It will be found in Suffolk-street, and the artists have been neither slow to discover it nor ungrateful in supporting it.

The landscapes are of great merit this year. Mr. Walters and Mr. H. Moore, the newly elected members, contribute works which vindicate the justice of their election. From the latter we have "Near Aviemore" (81)—a fine bit of Northern scenery—"The Old Windmill" (952)—a poetic yet truthful sketch—and "On the Esk" (983), a vigorous and masterly work. Mr. Walters is represented by "The Thames at Wargrave" (729), "By the Trent" (775), and "Wargrave on Thames" (807), in each of which he displays a great feeling for nature and a thorough knowledge of his work. But the best of his pictures, to our thinking, is a "Wheat-field" (1021). Not only is it happy in subject and sound in execution, but it shows that Mr. Walters's powers are not confined to the style of landscape to which his other works here exhibited belong.

Another member who assists in maintaining a high standard of excellence in the gallery is Mr. Wainwright. He is represented by six pictures, all of them possessing very great merit. "Evening" (738) is a little gem, and "Mill-End, near Henley" (1048), abounds in charming passages. Mr. Wyke Bayliss, also a member, selects a different class of subjects—the dim, religious light, the splendid tracery, the vaulted roof, the solemn architecture of cathedrals and ancient minsters. These he paints with an appreciation of the beauties of form and colour, that is strengthened by a thorough technical knowledge of architecture—a solid basis, without which the mere graces of execution lose much value in such pictures. "Bruges" (723) is a noble rendering; while "Chartres" (799), with the "procession of the Black Virgin" giving life to the majestic pile, is a picture that would more than establish a reputation.

Mr. Wolfe, though not a member, is an old exhibitor in Suffolk-street. Few can reproduce the gleam of sands when the tide is down, with such effect. "A Summer Day at Fley" (856) is a happy specimen of his powers. "Shanklin Churchyard" (722), by Mr. C. J. Lewis, is painted in his best style; and "The Cotton Bazaar, Cairo," (823), by Mr. Pilleau, is an admirable Eastern bit, such as this talented artist has accustomed us to in Pall-mall. Mr. A. Gilbert, with whom we should feel better satisfied if his pictures had not a family likeness, suggestive of studio manufacture, contributes several works in his usual style. "Evening on the Cuchullin Hills" (976), the title of one of the best of his works this year, will at once suggest the manner of the composition to those familiar with his style. Mr. Syer's "Near Llyn" (623), Mr. Wimperis's "Near Guildford" (691), and Mr. Macquoid's "In Seville" (926) are faithful transcripts of nature. In the last named the sunshine is rendered with peculiar felicity. A picture, which displays, perhaps, as much power and as much promise as anything in the gallery, is Mr. Goodwin's "Meadows near Arundel" (673)—a thoroughly truthful rendering of a peculiar atmospheric effect.

Mr. Felbin is well represented by a clever picture entitled "Clearing Off" (1033), which proves that the exigencies of a theatrical painting-room do not destroy the artistic perception of the truths of nature. A further confirmation will be found in "The Priory, Hampstead" (953), by Mr. J. O'Connor, whose facile brush has contributed much—in some cases perhaps everything—to the success of many a new piece at the Haymarket.

"The Pool" (643), with its forest of masts, is ably portrayed by Mr. C. Danby. The quaint building, "Smollett's House" (980), finds an appreciative limner in Miss Louise Rayner; whose sister, Miss Margaret Rayner, gives us a view of a "Chapel at Eastbourne" (1005). Miss Warren exhibits a pleasing landscape, "The Falls of Ogun" (648), besides some other clever studies of scenery. Mr. Law's "Redhill" (891) is a really excellent picture, and the same may be said of Mr. Sandcock's most truthful view, "Near Tintagel" (931). "Sunrise and Sunset" (681), by Mr. W. P. Burton, and "Dover Sands" (1039), by Mr. Butterworth, must also be mentioned with praise, although their enumeration does not by any means exhaust the list of meritorious pictures.

We are glad to see from "A Dovecote near Aylesbury" (909) that the opinion we formed of the powers of Mr. Thelwall, a new exhibitor, whose picture attracted our attention at the Dudley, was not erroneous.

"Highland Sheep" (625), by Mr. Downard; the cattle in "A Passing Storm" (774), by Mr. Butler; and some rough Scotch kye, by Mr. A. Corbould, must earn their mead of honour as representing the school of animal-painting. "A Chaffinch and Titmouse" (746), by Mr. Rositer, and Mr. Rolfe's fish may also win a word of praise here, and we take the opportunity to draw special attention, among the still-life subjects, to Mr. Whiteford's admirable "Fruit" (1034), and to a similar subject (1018) by Mr. A. Slcombe.

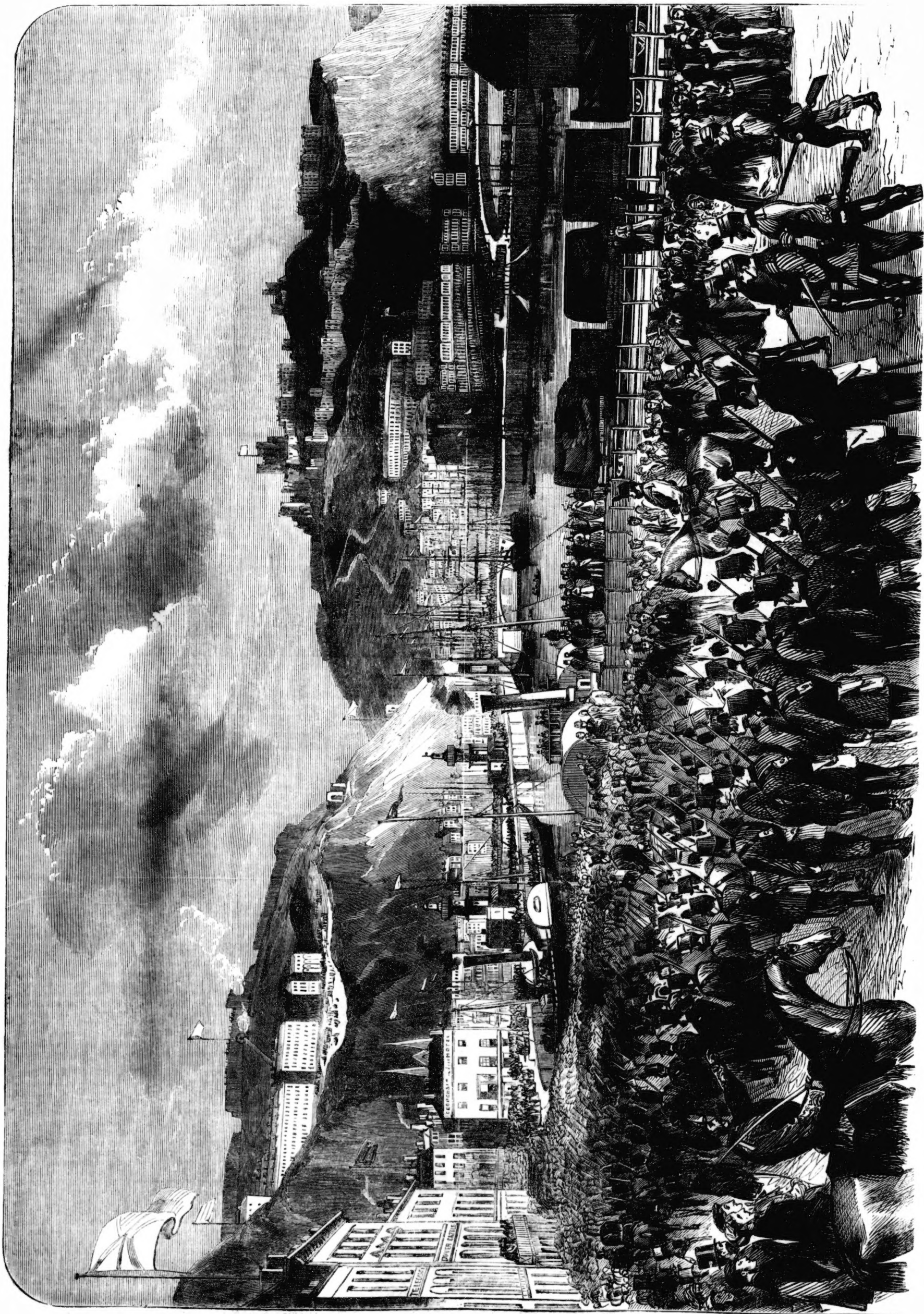
The figure subjects are fewer in number than the landscapes, and not quite so successful on the whole. Mr. Hemy, had he but succeeded better with the figure of the man in the stern-sheets of the boat in "Drifting Asunder" (645), would have painted one of the best things in the exhibition. The water, especially in the wake of the boat, is painted with marvellous power and truth, and the sunlight is skilfully handled. Mr. J. D. Linton's "Giorgione" (948) has some splendid points, but he has somewhat spoilt the effect by an attempt to bring the female head away from the background. The colouring is rich and harmonious.

Mr. Haylar's "Signora" (882), Mr. Fitzgerald's "Bride" (1010), Mr. Rossiter's "Off to the War" (815), and Mr. Pasquier's "Modern Rustic" (630) are worthy of the established repute of their respective artists. "Asrael" (698), by Mr. Wooldridge, was probably admitted only to prove that the hangers were sufficiently Catholic not to exclude the "ngly" or "Barne Jones" school. We cannot account for its appearance on any other grounds.

Three pictures by the late Paul Gray have a melancholy interest, proving, as they do, that the young draughtsman, whose promise was so early closed, was a graceful and pure colourist also. "The Nosegay" (879) is a very highly finished little work, in which the artist seems to have been experimenting in the direction of Meissonier's crisp and brilliant work. "The Despatch" (917) is a broad, bold, and pleasantly-harmonised study from life. "The Sonata" (902) is an exquisite work, graceful in treatment and rich in tone. The head and neck of the girl, who sits guitar in hand, conning the music-sheet, are simply beautiful in pose and colour.

In closing our notice of the Suffolk-street Gallery we are able to confirm, on a further examination, the verdict we passed on our first visit. The exhibition this year is very greatly in advance of those of previous years. We reassert this opinion because the *Daily Telegraph* critic, coming hot from the foreign exhibition at the French Gallery, passed a sweeping condemnation on the whole display, with the exception of a few pictures by artists with foreign names. The Reform Bill excitement is not sufficient excuse for the publication of so unworkmanlike a bungle by a journal so widely circulated. If it is unjust to the society it is no less injurious to the critical reputation of the paper.





THE VOLUNTEER FIELD-DAY AT DOVER: THE TROOPS LEAVING THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY STATION.



THE SEAM FIGHT ON DORY HEIGHTS: THE DEFENDING TROOPS IN ACTION.





## THE VOLUNTEER FIELD-DAY AT DOVER.

## ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS.

At six o'clock on Monday morning the sun shone brilliantly, and there was every promise of a fine day; but the amount of doubtless usual on such occasions was freely indulged in. Everyone admitted that there could scarcely have been a finer morning, though the air was a little sharp; but many wished that it had not been so bright. Their hopes would have been higher if the sun had not come out so early; but as it was they feared we should have the rain down just about the time the review was to commence. Happily those doleful vaticinations were not realised at any time throughout the operations; and, though the wind was so high in the afternoon as to make it difficult for one to stand or sit on the heights, it did good service in blowing the smoke of the guns out to sea, and thus rendering the artillery practice from the forts and the ships distinctly visible to the spectators on the ramparts. It was known in Dover that the first of the special trains with volunteers was to leave London at five o'clock, and as the tidal trains do the journey in a little over two hours, the earliest arrival of troops might have been looked for at about half-past seven o'clock; but the trains on both the South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover lines had been, as a general rule, late on Friday and Saturday, and this naturally caused a good deal of anxiety as to what would happen when some thirty-five special trains, conveying about 20,000 men, were all to be dispatched from London within a space of two hours. Accordingly, the general opinion was that no train conveying volunteers need be looked for before eight o'clock. But it is gratifying to state that on Monday morning the arrangements on both lines were admirable. At half-past seven o'clock the first volunteer train arrived at each station, and within another five minutes the men who had come by them were marching along the streets with bands playing before them and crowds of the townspeople giving them a hearty welcome. It was clear that the business of the day had now commenced. By a quarter past ten o'clock twenty "specials," with some 10,000 men, had reached the South-Eastern terminus, and sixteen had brought between 8000 and 9000 troops into that of the London, Chatham, and Dover line. Assistant Inspectors of Volunteers were in waiting at both stations to direct the men to the spots at which they were to halt until the time of the general muster. Trains which left London at three o'clock a.m. had brought down the horses of the field officers, so that the latter were enabled to mount at the stations and bring their regiments into the town in proper regulation order. On emerging from the respective railways the various corps marched by the same route to the Esplanade on the seashore, where they were to be brigaded and to rest until the order should be given for marching to the review-ground. Coming out at the west end of the town, they passed round by the harbour and over the drawbridges to the handsome line of terraces on the Esplanade. Every ship in the harbour, whether British or foreign, had her masts bedizened with flags in honour of the occasion; and, as the troops passed along, the seamen stood upon the decks and expressed their admiration by waving their hats. Two or three volunteer bands were constantly playing, staff officers galloped here, there, and everywhere, and the inhabitants were demonstrative in the expression of their pleasure at having the great review held at Dover. When most of the troops had been brigaded on the Esplanade, the scene was a really splendid one. For a length of half a mile arms were piled after military fashion, and along the beach for that length thousands of men in uniform sat or lay awaiting the hour of marching. Thousands more stood in groups on the Esplanade above; a score of bands were performing; ladies crowded every balcony and window of every house along the terraces, and crowds of spectators thronged the pavement; while outside the Esplanade were the naval squadron at anchor close to the shore, a wide expanse of sea, and the coast of France distinctly visible in the distance. The squadron consisted of the *Terrible*, 19 guns, paddle-wheel, 800 horse power, 1850 tons, Captain Commerell, C.B., V.C.; the *Virago*, 6 guns, paddle-wheel steam-sloop, 220-horse power, 1059 tons, Lieutenant-Commander H. M. Bingham; the *Lizard*, 1 gun, iron paddle steam-vessel, 150-horse power, 340 tons, Lieutenant-Commander S. G. Price; the *Ferret*, 8 guns, sailing training-brig, 358 tons, Lieutenant-Commander H. M. Caré; the *Marten*, 12 guns, sailing training-brig, 481 tons, Lieutenant-Commander the Hon. J. T. Fitz-Maurice; and four gun-boats.

## THE MUSTER AND MARCH PAST.

Punctually at a quarter to eleven a gun was fired from the heights. This was the signal to march from the Esplanade and commence the ascent towards the castle. General McCleverty and the officers of his staff placed themselves at the head of the column, which moved off by a street running parallel to the sea front of the town, so as to enable the different regiments to follow in succession without check or inconvenience. The first point reached was one of the most striking along the route. In honour of their comrades who fell during the Indian Mutiny the 60th Rifles erected, when in Dover, a simple but graceful monument, consisting of a monolith, recording the names of the engagements in which the regiment took part, capped with a wreath of laurel leaves, in bronze, from which depends the Victoria cross. A street, short, but of ample width, in which are the bank and some of the principal houses in the town, leads from this memorial pillar in the direction of the Market place, and here, facing the monument, a triumphal arch was placed. Two other triumphal arches, with appropriate mottoes, spanned the streets leading from the upper end of the Market place, one towards the suburbs and the other in the direction of the castle. Overhead the thoroughfare was crossed and recrossed by lines of flags and streamers, the fronts of many of the houses and shops exhibiting independent displays of colours and evergreens. The ascent of the heights commences almost immediately on quitting the Market-place, and winds by a succession of curves and zigzags, some mounted with comparative ease, and some very stiff, indeed, in their gradients, to the table-land beyond the castle, where the march past and military manoeuvres were to take place. The rugged elevations, sudden slopes, and artificial mounds connected with the fortifications that bordered the road were studded with sightseers. All carriage traffic upon this approach had been suspended from an early hour, so that the volunteers had the road to themselves, with the exception of the footpaths, along which there was a corresponding flow of civilians. To stand upon one of the projecting points and watch the procession as it wound its way to the summit was full of interest. One regiment came along in steady, business-like fashion, with its weapons shouldered and sloped, as if moving, under strict discipline, upon level ground. The next was marching "at ease," with its rifles, some on the left, some on the right shoulder, but only waiting the word to bring order out of confusion. A third carried its rifles at the trail. There was nothing to break the line of sight along the shoulders and shakos of the men, and the space occupied by the corps in marching was of uniform width; hence, in looking down upon it, it resembled nothing so much as one of the ribbon borders that enter so largely into landscape-gardening. Here and there at favourable points of the route a glimpse could be obtained right down to the Esplanade, where the regiments still seemed massed together as closely as if thousands of men were not already assembled, or assembling, at the review ground above, a point distant fully two miles from the extremity of the Esplanade. On gaining the summit of the hill a rich panorama unfolded itself. The town, covering with its buildings the extremity of a valley, with docks and shipping, lay on one hand; on the other, a wide stretch of agricultural land under careful cultivation. Following the coast line, the view extended as far in one direction as the lighthouse, from the foot of which springs the submarine telegraph to Calais and Ostend, and on the other side to the Shakespeare Cliff. Near at hand the glance seaward was interrupted by the irregular outline of the castle, and chiefly by the high, square keep, not unlike, in its general features, the central pile at the Tower of London. Just visible, in faint and hazy outline, was the coast of the continent of Europe. From the extent of ground covered by the march, as well as from the strength in which the various corps came down from London, it was plain that the aggregate force would be

very large. Those of the spectators who had a prospect of obtaining favourable positions hastened to the Castle-hill Fort, a work still incomplete, which is being constructed on the high ground above the castle, with the double object of securing it from attack on the land side and also of affording a flank defence, of which it stands much in need. Reserved seats and stands had been erected near this fort, but necessarily at some distance from the saluting-point. Punctually at twelve o'clock his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, with whom were his Serene Highness Prince Teck, Lord Granville (wearing the uniform of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports), Lord Spencer, and a brilliant staff, rode to the flagstaff from the direction of Deal, and the signal was given for the march past to commence. Major-General McCleverty commanded in chief. The volunteer staff was thus composed:—Colonel Erskine, Inspector-General of Volunteers; Honorary Colonel Meller, 4th Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteers; Lieutenant-Colonel Sir T. Beauchamp, 2nd Administrative Battalion Norfolk Rifle Volunteers; Lieutenant-Colonel Wright, 1st Nottingham Rifle Volunteers; Lieutenant-Colonel Althausen, 1st Newcastle-on-Tyne Artillery Volunteers; Major the Earl of Denbigh, 1st Administrative Battalion Shropshire Rifle Volunteers; Major Whitwell, 1st Administrative Battalion Westmorland Rifle Volunteers; Captain Templer, 18th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers; Captain Oxenden, Royal East Kent Yeomanry; and Lieutenant and Adjutant Hozier, Scots Greys, acting as aides-de-camp. Colonel Wright, Deputy Inspector of Volunteers; Deputy Inspector of Volunteers; Colonel Roche, Colonel Bruce, Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir E. Campbell, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. W. J. Colville, Lieutenant Colonel Deshon, Lieutenant-Colonel Wombwell, and Lieutenant Colonel Elliot, Assistant Inspectors of Volunteers. The official figures at the close of the day showed a grand total of 24,034; of whom 175 belonged to the Royal Artillery, and 1154 were composed of infantry of the Line—viz., the 51st and 70th Regiments and the 6th Depot Battalion. In this return, however, no account was taken of nearly 1000 men belonging to different country corps, which, coming by a cross route, reached the hill after the general march past had concluded, and were separately reviewed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The total present consequently exceeded 25,000, of whom close upon 24,000 were volunteers. The Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry presented a noble appearance. Except as regards the time occupied, which was fully an hour and a half, the march past was marked by few special incidents. The absence of Lord Bury from the head of his fine regiment was remarked with regret: it was led on this occasion by Major Du Plat Taylor, to whose exertions, among others, much of the success of this Dover review is owing. The London Scottish also lacked the presence of their chief, but his place was filled by Major Anson, V.C., a near relative. The London Irish looked to unusual advantage: they had no less than eleven companies on the ground, all of satisfactory strength. Next to them in point of numbers was the 1st London, which was loudly cheered, being one of the few corps with regard to which there was any strong manifestation of sentiment. There have been recent interchanges of civility between the Inns of Court and Cambridge University, and on Monday a further evidence of *entente cordiale* was afforded by the presence of two full companies from the University corps in the battalion commanded by Colonel Sargent, C.B. Perhaps this is the first step towards the formation of the University and Inns of Court brigade spoken of some time ago. The artillery ranks were unusually strong and well appointed.

## THE SHAM FIGHT.

Plans of attack and defence are proverbially hard to be understood, and if one has not seen the ground nothing but a very good map studied with the aid of memoranda of the manoeuvres will convey to him a perfectly satisfactory idea of what the belligerents have really been doing during the engagement, and of the reason why this position has been taken up and that position abandoned. In the present instance, however, the operations of the day are more generally intelligible than usual. If the reader bears in mind that the object of the attacking force, an army of invaders, is to take Dover Castle, and that of the defending army to prevent the enemy from effecting their purpose, he will not have much difficulty in comprehending what the volunteers, assisted by the military and the naval squadron, were engaged in on Monday from the time they took up their first position till the last gun was fired and victory declared itself for the defenders. The supposition was that the army of invaders had been landed at Deal, some miles beyond Dover Castle, to the right of the spectator as he looked towards Dover from the sea; and that, while the hostile troops were marching towards the castle to reconnoitre its outworks, the ships which had landed them were coming round to take up a position off Dover for the purpose, when the attack by land should have commenced, of opening a fire upon batteries on the western heights over the town and upon the sea front of the castle with the view of effecting a diversion. This was the theory of the commencement of the operations; but as in reality the invaders had been brought down through the heart of the country and deposited at the two railway stations, and as the defending force were not expected to be at their posts till the enemy could be seen approaching from the direction of Deal, it had been determined that there should be a general muster on the terraces of the town facing the sea. The marching past having concluded, the first and second divisions of infantry, two field batteries of the Royal Artillery, and the first brigade of volunteer field-batteries, which forces represented the invading army, moved off to the east, and, facing round as if marching from Deal, took up a position north-east of the castle. Right before them was Castle-hill Fort—an outwork of the fortifications close to the spot at which the troops had saluted. A little to the right of Castle-hill Fort, as you stand with your back to it, and also immediately in front of the fort, was the main body of the defending force, consisting of the third and fourth divisions of infantry, the second, third, and fourth brigades of artillery, and about 200 cavalry. All these troops were supposed to have marched out from Dover to drive back the invaders. Such were the positions of the two armies before the battle commenced, a farm called Broad Lees Farm lying between them. The invading force was commanded by Major-General the Hon. J. Lindsay, and the disposition of his army was made in this manner:—The first division was deployed, skirmishers being thrown out; the second division, acting in support, formed a line of contiguous battalion columns, such intervals being allowed between the brigades as would bring the brigades of the second division in rear of the centre of the corresponding brigades of the first division. The two field batteries of the Royal Artillery were formed in line on the right, and the first brigade of volunteer field batteries in line on the left of the first division. The defending force was commanded by Major-General Lord George Paget, C.B., whose disposition of forces was this:—The fourth brigade of field batteries was in line with its right on the Deal road. Further to the right the second division of infantry was deployed, having skirmishers thrown out. The third brigade of field batteries in line was on its right. The fourth division of infantry, acting in support, had its brigades in line of contiguous columns; and the third brigade of field batteries and cavalry were in reserve. The 1st Sussex Artillery and the Cinque Ports Artillery proceeded to the forts within the castle to work the batteries on the fortifications. Colonel Childs, R.A., had the command of all the troops in the Castle; and acting on a desire expressed by the Commander-in-Chief that the operations on the forts should be on the most extensive scale possible under the circumstances, and that the volunteer artillery should serve the batteries, the gallant Colonel had made arrangements for bringing about seventy guns into action, and to have the 1st Sussex and the Cinque Ports corps to work them.

The signal for the commencement of the action was the firing of a gun from the old keep of the castle. The defenders gave the enemy battle by making a direct attack with the third division on the invading force, this movement being covered by the fire of field artillery and by that of four 42-pounders on the Bell battery of the castle. This battery is to the north-east of the castle, and its guns

played with fine effect on the invaders, who in the face of a tremendous fire were seen steadily advancing supported by their own field guns. The encounter had lasted about a quarter of an hour and the supposed foreigners were getting rather the worst of it, when the vessels of war which had gone round to Deal in the morning were observed to be approaching from that direction, the *Terrible*, under full steam, heading the naval squadron, and being closely followed by the *Virago*, the *Lizard*, and one of the gun-boats. Every sail was so closely furled that not an inch of canvas floated; the yards were all squared, and the four war-steamer approached Dover in a manner so menacing as almost to delude the spectator into the belief that a real enemy was coming down upon the town. But for ten minutes more not a shot was fired from the flag-ship. Meanwhile two of the 68 pounders on the top of the keep had joined in the firing on the land forces. There are four turrets on the keep. They are 100 ft. above the level of the keep yard, which is 373 ft. above the level of the sea. The effect of the firing from the turrets was very fine; but it was not until the *Terrible* had arrived off the castle that the engagement became really grand. Having brought his Armstrongs within range of the East Cliff, Captain Commerell gave the order for firing. The *Terrible* at once discharged a broadside of her enormous metal; which was replied to so rapidly by four 42-pounders on the East Cliff that the smoke of the opposing guns met over the sea, and for an instant it seemed as if the intervening atmosphere were in a blaze. But the *Terrible* was sufficiently far out to be covered by three 40-pounder Armstrongs placed on the drop redoubt upon the western heights at the other end of the town, and they were at once brought into play against the advancing frigate. As she approached the town the three other steamers also advanced to within range of the East Cliff battery. The signal was given to them to fire, and all four vessels, slackening speed, discharged their guns with amazing rapidity, while they had to endure the combined fire of the East and West Cliff batteries and of two of the 68-pounders on the top of the keep. But, grand as the spectacle by sea and land was at that moment, there was a more magnificent portion of the encounter yet to come. The squadron, still advancing, now reached a point commanded by the East Cliff battery, a ditch battery immediately beneath that composed of four guns, the Guildford battery of three 32-pounders, the Shoulder of Mutton battery of six 32-pounders and three 13-in. mortars, a battery of two 42-pounders immediately in front of the officers' quarters, and, just over the Guildford battery, the saluting battery of three 32-pounders, the drop and lower drop redoubts on the western heights, and the large battery on the citadel. Some sixty-five guns, ranging from 18-pounders to 68-pounders, were now booming from the forts with their fire directed at the squadron, while five or six others were joining in the fight on land. Several of the fort guns, including three Armstrongs, were placed in batteries improvised for the occasion. When this terrific artillery had been directed against the ships for a considerable time, the *Terrible*, followed by the other vessels, slackened her fire and steamed out a short distance westward of the town. The spectators who had the good fortune of viewing the action from a point within the fort which commanded both the battle-field and the position of the squadron, thought for the moment that the frigate and her companions had had enough of it; but the squadron bore round again, and, coming close to shore, beneath the combined fire of all the batteries facing the sea, a magnificent display of gun practice took place between the ships and the forts.

Just before this, the attack of the third division having failed, they retired through the fourth division, which renewed the onslaught, and threatened the invading force by means of a brigade detached towards the sea. During this part of the engagement some very brilliant charges were made by the *Lancers*. The invading force, while being attacked by the fourth division, executed a change of front, throwing back its left gradually, and crossing the Dover road. It took up a final position at Guston, a distance of nearly a mile and a half from the castle. The defending force pursuing drew up a little to the west of the Deal road, and nearly opposite to the enemy. At this critical juncture the naval squadron put forth all its power. With almost electrical rapidity the *Terrible* fired a starboard broadside of eight or nine of her Armstrongs at the sea front of the castle; the other three vessels fired successively; then the *Terrible* took up the fire again. The order was given for a simultaneous discharge of guns and mortars from all the batteries above, and a continuous cannonading from the batteries below. This was kept up for nearly an hour. The consumption of ammunition on the occasion must have been enormous. In the batteries alone 4000 charges had been provided; and the supply for the squadron must have been proportionately liberal. The vessels did not cease firing till the retreat had been sounded in the army of the invaders, and a signal had been made to them from their friends on land that the invasion was a failure.

The volunteer troops in the field behaved in a very creditable manner, and the fight on land would of itself have been sufficient to interest all who visited Dover. But the action between the forts and the ships partially eclipsed the battle on land. Few of the spectators, except the military and naval men, had ever witnessed anything like it; and even the latter were loud in expressions of their admiration. Many of them declared that it was a most spirited imitation of a real engagement. One might have expected that under such a distinguished officer as Captain Commerell the squadron would perform its part well; but it had not been generally supposed that any corps of volunteers could serve battery-guns in the way the 1st Surrey and the Cinque Ports Artillery worked them. A non-commissioned officer and a gunner of the regular artillery were stationed at each of the guns, but only for the purpose of serving out the ammunition, and seeing that the volunteers had all the requisites. The only drawback from the magnificent demonstration of Monday would have been the occurrence of a serious accident; but, seeing that, between field-pieces and the artillery in the forts and on board the ships, fully a hundred guns were being fired for nearly two hours, it is a remarkable circumstance that no calamity of that nature was reported at the military hospitals. There were two or three accidents, but so trifling that the men who had sustained them were able to return home with their corps. The special trains with the volunteers began to return at half-past six o'clock, and got to town in good time. The station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway was reported clear of volunteers at nine o'clock. In every way the volunteer review of 1867 may be pronounced successful. The weather, on the whole, was favourable; the men were got down from London in good time, though the number was unusually large and the distance greater than that at which any of the former reviews were held; and the men who have enrolled themselves for the defence of their country were afforded an opportunity of actually rehearsing the very duty which they will be called on to perform should England ever need their services in resisting an invader.

**AN INTOLERANT SQUIRE.**—A Wesleyan minister, the Rev. George Gibson, reports to the papers that the village of Cockley Clay, in Norfolk, is, with the exception of an alehouse, the property of Mr. T. B. Buckworth. The Wesleyans for thirty years have conducted services in the village, but the "squire" nine months ago gave notice that he would not allow these meetings to be any longer held. Mr. Gibson called upon him to inquire on what grounds he had given this order, and was told that there was a church provided for the people, &c., and that "he could not see why they wanted anything further." He admitted that some of those who attended the Wesleyan services, and occasionally acted as "exhorters," were "a pattern to the parish." He has persistently threatened to turn out anyone who shall permit the services to be held in his house.

**THE PRESERVATION OF EPPING FOREST.**—On Monday afternoon an open-air meeting was held at High Beech, Loughton, convened by the East London committee of the Commons Preservation Society, to protest against the intended inclosure of a part of Epping Forest and to adopt measures for retaining the forest as a place for public amusement and recreation. The meeting, which was very crowded, was presided over by Mr. Duffield, of Mile-end, who explained the objects of the association and called upon the inhabitants of the district to take measures to prevent the inclosing of the forest by the lord of the manor, as this was the only outlet for recreation of the crowded population of the eastern districts of London. Several gentlemen addressed the meeting, urging the necessity of supporting the society, who intended taking legal measures to prevent this encroachment on their ancient rights. Resolutions were passed, by which the meeting pledged to fight the matter out, and the proceedings were brought to an end.



## MR. BRIGHT ON THE REFORM QUESTION.

THERE was a Reform demonstration at Birmingham on Monday, which appears to have been a very imposing affair. There was a procession to the Brook fields, where various platforms had been erected; around these a dense crowd had gathered—a crowd so dense that it was almost impossible to get from one part of the fields to another. The resolutions proposed were of the most outspoken character, and in the speeches which were delivered the strongest sympathy with Mr. Gladstone and indignation at the Liberals, who, by their defection, gave Mr. Disraeli a triumph in the House of Commons were expressed. In the evening a meeting was held in the Townhall, which was filled to overflowing. The Mayor presided, and among the speakers were Professor Rogers, Mr. Edmund Beales, and other gentlemen. Mr. Scholefield and Mr. Bright were both present, and made speeches. After discussing at considerable length the merits of the Government Reform Bill, Mr. Bright continued as follows:—

There are men still—I mean the gentlemen who have had salt upon their tails—who fancy that this bill can be made a good bill in Committee. They would have to reject all except the preamble. The preamble says—“And whereas it is expedient to amend the representation of the people in the House of Commons, be it enacted,” and so on. We should begin thus—the borough franchise we should have to alter; the county franchise we should have to alter; the lodger franchise to introduce; the voting-papers to extinguish; the distribution of seats to transform; and, from the preamble of the bill to the last word in it, there is not a single proposition which any real, honest, earnest, and intelligent Reformer would consent to have in the bill. Mr. Scholefield has told you that it was the view of Mr. Gladstone that in a bill of this nature the only proper way to deal with it was to deal with it on the second reading. I was very strongly of that opinion, and I stated it at the meeting of the Liberal party at Mr. Gladstone's house. However, I don't set my opinion against the opinion of a large number of those with whom I act. It was no use fighting against a numerous section—it might be of the party; and I am always willing—admitting that we are not doing anything contrary to what is honest and sound in principle—I am willing, in any matter of procedure, to move cordially along with the party with whom I am connected. Then we come to the instruction that Mr. Coleridge should have moved. There was a trouble about that, and it was said, “On, let us go into Committee; in Committee every clause will come before us; we are a majority of the House; we can make the bill anything that we like.” If that instruction of Mr. Coleridge had been carried, the result would have followed inevitably that the formation of the bill thenceforth would have been in the hands of the Liberal party—the friends of Reform—instead of being left, as it now is, in the hands of its enemies. Well, we went into Committee. I took the liberty of saying at the meeting at Mr. Gladstone's that the determination they were coming to was exactly that which, if Mr. Disraeli was there, he would advise them to come to; and I said further that the exclamation that would pass his lips, or come to his heart or to his head (laughter), the moment he heard of that determination would be this—“The Lord hath delivered them into my hand!” Well, now for the result. The bill has gone into Committee, and the very first vote in the Committee has been confirmed—the very first feature of the bill, and the Liberal party has, by the treachery of some of its members, abdicated its functions, made it impossible for it to control the future fortunes of the bill, and has handed it over just as it is, and, in all probability, just as it will be, to the friends of the bill who are not the friends of Reform. I am sure you will wonder how it can be that such a thing could happen among the Liberal party. I will tell you. This House of Commons, I will undertake to say, is by far the most corrupt that has been elected and assembled since the Reform Bill. I am not able to say what it has cost to treat these 650 members in that House; but if I said it had cost them and their friends a million of money I should be a long way under the mark. I believe it has cost more to seat those 650 men there than it has cost to seat all the members of all the other representative and legislative assemblies in the world that are now in existence in different countries of the globe; and, without a man's intending to be corrupt, this state of things makes him inevitably corrupt. Mr. Scholefield and I are in a position to take what some would call a too favourable or a too severe view of this matter. We come here and don't meet with a contest, and are not asked to pay expenses; but there are many members who pay always from £100 to £150,000 for their election; and, although there are men in the House of Commons who are too honest, I believe, to be swayed by that consideration, still there are great numbers, I am satisfied, who are willing to take almost any kind of measure on any subject with the chance, first of all, of not coming back to the House at all, and with the certainty that if they stand a contest they must lessen the balance to tolerate a Tory Government and a Tory Reform Bill, to break up the Liberal party, to do anything whatever, as they say, to settle the question in the House of Commons style and fashion in this Parliament and during the present Session, and not as the great body of the people wish it to be settled; and they are ready to bear all this rather than have a dissolution of Parliament. There were many honest men among those who met in the tea-room; but there were some of whom I should not like exactly to say that; there were some who were ignorant of party tactics, and who fancied that if the bill could be got into Committee we might somehow or other manage to improve it better than in the whole House, and the men who met there are responsible for the division which took place subsequently. For if the instruction of Mr. Coleridge had been put, I believe it would have been carried; and, if it had been carried, the disposal of the question of Reform would have been in the hands of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party, instead of being, as it now is, in the hands of Mr. Disraeli and his reluctant followers. Now, his position is enfeebled. Mr. Hardy had—what shall I say?—the effrontery to taunt Mr. Gladstone with being the leader of a portion of a party. There are little difficulties on the Government side to which I need not now refer. Mr. Disraeli the other night spoke of Mr. Gladstone as the one person in the House with whom he would not deal on this question. He treated him as the representative of a faction and of party strife; the rest of the House he would discuss the matter with in a different manner and on different terms; and these renegades from the Liberal party, some of the men who met in the tea-room, and some radicals who voted on Saturday week with the Government, heard this taunt of Mr. Hardy. They heard the insulting observations of Mr. Disraeli, and allowed their leader, in the face of the country, to be thus insulted without having the self respect or the manliness to resent it. What shall I say of that leader? It is not, as you know, my practice to speak of the official politician and the statesmen of this country with exaggerated eulogy; but I will venture to say this of Mr. Gladstone—and there is no man in either House who undertakes to deny it—that a new 1832 there has been no man of the official class or rank, or no statesman, who has imparted into this question of Reform so much of conviction, so much of earnestness, so much of zeal as has been imparted during the last two years by the present leader of the Liberal party. Who is there in the House of Commons who equals him in knowledge of all political questions? who equals him in earnestness? who equals him in eloquence? who equals him in courage and fidelity to his convictions? If those gentlemen who say they will not follow him have anyone who is equal, let them show him. If they can point out any statesman who can add dignity and grandeur to the stature of Mr. Gladstone, let them produce him. It is a deplorable thing that last year a small section of forty men, or thereabouts, of professing Liberals, destroyed an honest and acceptable (I speak of the people), an acceptable bill of the late Government, and with it they also destroyed the Government which proposed it. About an equal number have this year, to a great extent, destroyed the power of the Opposition, and may assist an anti-Reforming Government to pass a very bad measure on the greatest question of our time. And, having done all the mischief they could, they begin to write silly letters to their constituents. What can be done in Parliamentary parties if every man is to pursue his own little game? A coterminous and donkey, although it would take a week to travel from here to London, yet running athwart the London and North-Western line, might bring to total destruction a great express train; and so very small men, who during their whole political lives have not advanced the question of Reform by one hair's breadth, or by one moment in time, can, at a critical hour like this, throw themselves athwart the objects of a great party, and mar, it may be, a great measure that ought to affect the interests of the country beneficially for all times. Now, I believe that when I see men leave their party in this way—not when the party is going contrary to its acknowledged principles, but not going with them—that there is not much of principle, and not much of patriotism, and not much of love of Reform in their conduct. I suspect there is something worse than all this, smaller and meaner, concealed under a conduct like this, and I say that it becomes the constituencies of the kingdom to ascertain what are the motives of their members, and whether this question of Reform is thus to be baffled by them in future; but, whosoever is true or whosoever is false, the question remains, and the people of England, who demand its honest settlement, will, I believe, never withdraw from that demand. Last year, when Mr. Disraeli and his friends rejected Mr. Gladstone's bill, on that very night of that last division, I said “Destroy this bill, destroy that Government; but there remains yet the question of Reform, and there remains outside a great, and earnest, and a noble people, who will still demand that this question shall be settled.” I believe so now. I do not believe in the passing of this bill in the shape in which it is now before us. I believe it is a fraud of the very worst and of the most insulting character. I say try it not by the “unerring instincts” of a corrupt House of Commons, but by the “unerring instincts” of an incorrupt people, and you will, I believe, ascertain its true character, and you will insist upon its rejection. Why, there has not been throughout the country, though, after what I am about to say, doubtless, an effort will be made to disprove what I say—there has not been throughout the country a single meeting of any kind of which there has been any record in the papers that I see in favour of this bill. Last year there were a

thousand meetings in favour of the bill. There has not been this Session a single petition presented to the House of Commons, so far as I have heard or read, in favour of the Government bill; last Session the petitioners came there, in one single fortnight, by many hundreds of thousands. It is the bill of the Tory party, or the purposes of the Tory party; it is not the bill of the people of England, nor is it intended to consult their wishes or their interests. Mr. Scholefield said he would leave it to me to say what should be done—his modesty grows with his lengthened experience—and he left it to me to give the advice which I will not say he was disposed to give, but which, perhaps, he thought might in some degree have more weight with some persons if I were myself to give it. But really the advice to give, whether from him or from me, is so clear that it does not require to be given; for the sense that would make me give it is the sense that would make every one of you accept it though I did not speak. What has happened during the last ten months? What happened from the Hyde Park meeting and your own meeting, the South Lancashire meeting, the meetings in Scotland, and a thousand other meetings? They have driven the Tory party from its anchorage as the professed and open opponents of Reform; and you have only to do now what you have done hitherto. I will advise no course which might present itself to the minds of earnest and enthusiastic men, but which in this country probably never will be necessary, and certainly cannot be necessary now. I said before, in a speech in St. James's Hall, in winter, “What comes in every country where there is a manly spirit if justice be perpetually denied?” But the question of force was settled in this country in the year 1832. There is no power in Lords or Commons to resist your peaceful expression of your opinion; and, therefore, that which you have done during the last year, and which has produced so great a result, requires only to be continued, and a further and more complete result is certain. The richest classes in this country, the comfortable classes, they are not bad men; they don't want the country ill-governed; they like political power in their own class, which is not unreasonable or uncommensurate; but, at the same time, they do not want, either as individuals or as bodies of men, injustice and oppression to be felt, or to be believed to be felt, throughout the country. The rich people of this country, as a mere matter of wishing, would desire that everybody should be satisfied and everybody should be comfortable; but the rich people in the west end of London cannot stand perpetually the exhibition of 50,000, or 100,000, or 150,000 men coming out and saying, “We are shut out from the Constitution of our country. We are not seeking to injure you. We are not men of violence, of whom you need be afraid; but there is the Constitution, and we claim under that Constitution to have the right to vote for members of the House of Commons.” Let Mr. Beales and his friends in London, let the working men everywhere, by great meetings—the greater the better—peaceful and orderly meetings, passing sound, rational, and firm resolutions; let them make it appear to every person, from the humblest in the land to the Queen upon the throne, that there is a general, a wide, a universal, and a strengthening sentiment that what exists is no longer tolerable, and that something better must be established. I give you my word—I never said anything with a more perfect confidence that I speak the truth—that you have only thus to meet and thus to speak and the barriers which stand before you will fall at your words, and before long—it may not be this Session, it may be next—you will be admitted to a frank, and generous, and liberal, and satisfactory exercise of the electoral franchise guaranteed by the Constitution of your country (loud cheers, in the midst of which Mr. Bright resumed his seat, having spoken for exactly an hour and a half).

## Literature.

*Dramatic Studies: A Woman Sold and other Poems.* By AUGUSTA WEBSTER. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

Requesting our readers not to measure our estimate of these two volumes by the space we are able to afford for noticing them, we may proceed to say that they rank among the most striking books of poetry produced within the last ten years. Of the minor pieces contained in the second or larger volume, only a few were worth reprinting—a point in which we need merely confirm our contemporaries, since Mrs. Webster is probably of the same opinion herself by this time; but the “Dramatic Studies” and the longer poems in the larger volume (except “Fairies Chatter,” which seems to us to denote a fatal want of the lightness of touch necessary for such a poem) are not only finely-conceived and finely-executed, but have much individuality, in the midst of perfect feminine grace. Their chief characteristic is, no doubt, a poetic subtlety which gives all the interest of a plot to the mere gradual development of thought and feeling in the soliloquy of a strongly conceived character. This kind of subtlety is a rare gift; and Mrs. Webster possesses it in an almost startling degree. We find her “Pilate,” her “Judas,” her “Walk to Emmaus,” and her “Sister Annunziata” deeply affecting poems, with as much “interest” in the novel-reader's sense of the word, as a good work of fiction, and with the moral and spiritual insight which is only found in true poets. The story “Loa” is only a failure in so far as the very form of the poem hampers the author; we do not like a novel or novelle in verse. The “Snow Waste,” considered merely as a *tour de force* of poetic expression, would be a highly impressive poem; but it is vividly and subtly thought out as well. The most affecting poem, however, in the list is, to our mind, “Sister Annunziata,” the soliloquy, continued through a long vigil, of a young creature who has loved, and cannot “renounce” with decision enough to satisfy the intellect; the cabinets of memory keep flying open, and the escaped ghosts of the past torment her prayers. We defy the most hardened reader to keep down an occasional sob as he goes through this poem; and, perhaps, the warmest thing we can say about it is, that, though we happened to take it up late at night, we could not lay it down until we had finished it.

The other dramatic studies for example, “A Painter” and “A Preacher”—are very good; but we cannot help having at least a doubt whether matter of this kind should be thrown into “verse” unless it be reinforced by stronger touches of what is poetic, both in essence and in form. Here is a passage from “A Preacher”:

Dear wife, if you had been one born to pleasant things, cared for and praised in a familiar home, not knowing what it is to say, “Well, this costs sixpence; I can do without it;” and “This is market a penny, and will serve the turn.” If you had had one other in the world to take up your dead father's guardianship and watch a little for you, then, long since, I should have cursed myself who brought you here to live on empty hopes and drudge the while.

And here is one from “A Woman Sold”:

Why, he has an uncle—or aunt's husband, I should say—and cousins—pretty, too, the girls—who live not far from Boycott Hall. Sometimes he comes to see them: I have met him there. They say he's a growing famous at the bar; rich, too—a rising man. I give you joy. A husband with both means and merit! Why, you must have sold your soul to have such luck; signed a red bond to Satan!

We have printed these passages as prose: is there anything in them to make it imperative that they should be printed in lengths and read rhythmically? We think not (and there are plenty more passages like them); but, if there is not, then the work is not poetry. It is quite true that, carefully listening, the ear may remotely catch a sort of musical *recitativo* in the lines; but, for our part, we do not feel satisfied with them. We hold it to be a canon in poetry that the words used should, by their mere tone, cadence, and collocation, affect us, even if the meaning were unknown.

We have not seen this accomplished lady's version of the “Prometheus Bound” of Æschylus, but we have reason to believe it is a work of the highest possible quality. We refer to it simply in order to give the reader to whom Mrs. Webster's name is new some idea of her range of faculty and culture; and will only add that in the particular we have already mentioned—a poetic subtlety of gradual disclosure which imparts to evolution of thought the interest of evolution of incident—Mrs. Webster is a writer of extraordinary power and fascination.

*Micah, the Priest-maker. A Handbook on Ritualism.* By T. BINNEY. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

When the minds of one body of religionists are profoundly stirred, it is natural that those of other sects should be sympathetically moved; and hence the whole religious world are interested in the Ritualistic controversy which now rages in the Church of England. Of course, it was not likely that a man like Mr. Binney, who occupies a most prominent place among Dissenting ministers for ability, learning, and eloquence, would fail to participate in the interest taken by his brethren in this new trouble in the Church, and to take an opportunity of laying his views on the matter before his own congregation in the first instance, and his special religious world in the second. Hence this little volume on Ritualism, which may be read with profit by persons of all ranks and classes, and to whatever religious com-

munity they may belong. It will hardly be necessary for us to say that in Mr. Binney's hands Ritualism receives no honeyed treatment. He looks at recent innovations in the forms of Church worship from the standpoint of an independent spectator, and freely speaks his mind about them, but always in a spirit of Christian charity and in the language of a gentleman and a scholar. Mr. Binney carefully founds his statements upon the accounts and explanations of their system given by the Ritualists themselves; and from these the movement is shown to have a double source—first, in the anxiety of sincere men to interest the mass of the people in religion by outward signs and symbols, when the preaching current in the Church had utterly failed to do so; and, second, in the desire of indolent, incapable men to find a substitute for preaching which made lighter calls upon their limited powers. Ministers who could preach well dare not indulge in the freedom of thought necessary to give freshness and life to their sermons; they had always before them the terrors of prosecution for heresy, and so sought a vent for their energies in outward forms and ceremonies. Other clergymen, again, who were incapable of any mental effort calculated to interest and excite the minds and feelings of others, found in Ritualism—in forms, and vestments, and posturings, more or less appropriate and becoming, and distinguished by more or less (generally by less) of grace and elegance—an easy substitute for the oratorical efforts to which they could not rise; and so they went in for the new style of thing. All this might have been innocuous enough; reverend gentlemen of feminine tastes and tone of mind might have been permitted to indulge their womanlike weakness for gewgaws and personal trappings, had there not become mixed up with these weak men and their doings other and more dangerous elements. To sustain the form, varieties of vestments, and genuflections—the historic or stage-effect part of the affair, as Mr. Binney calls it—there was assumed to be a signification in these forms not visible to vulgar lay minds, to explain which an initiated and separated priesthood became necessary. Hence lofty pretensions were made, high authority was claimed, and dangerous inroads were made upon individual liberty of thought and action. The priestly office was too much exalted, and priestly domination and priestly tyranny became imminent; in short, the work of the Reformation was imperilled. Such are the conclusions to which a study of Ritualistic literature and an observation of Ritualistic practices leads; and against this Mr. Binney protests; and we—and we hope all sensible men who prize human freedom—heartily join in the protest.

*The Wife's Peril. A Romance.* By J. I. LOCKHART. 3 vols. London: Saunders, Ouley, and Co.

“A Romance” is supposed to be more exciting than a novel; and in these present prosaic days it seems strange that such things should be put forward—except, indeed, in dramas, wherein nobody ever thinks of holding up the mirror to nature. The romance professes to be something possible, rather than probable; and it sometimes professes to make the heart beat quickly and to make the hair rival the old-fashioned “Brutus” in its perpendicularity. A simply passionate love-story may come under the head of romance; but Mrs. Ratcliffe and Miss Clara Reeve ordered things differently. The lady-novelists of that period (according to tradition) made the heart beat quickly and the blood creep slowly at the same time, in despite of all Dr. Harvey's discoveries about the circulation. Modern writers have another phase. They avoid everything supernatural, but yet they occasionally seek to terrify readers by mysterious incidents that happen nearer home. But they do not succeed in terrifying; they only induce laughter, which some people consider just as good for a change. Mr. Lockhart lays his scene in the wilds of Austria during the first French Revolution, and gives a story, or hints of a story, impossible to be remembered and described clearly. A ruined castle, with no end of subterranean passages, wells, and chapel, is inhabited by an aged Baron, who is an apparent mixture of benevolence and treachery, and his beautiful niece, who is also not quite clear as to character. There is a ridiculous old dependant, who is always chattering poetry and otherwise making himself offensive, and a wicked retainer who is as mysterious as everybody else. A young Englishman falls in with these people, accepts their hospitality, falls in love with the niece, learns all their secrets, and assists them in the midst of their complicated dilemmas. There is a band of brigands, and a hermit who is a brigand in disguise; also a gentleman who has turned brigand because he thought society all wrong and had been prevented from putting it all to rights. There are headless skeletons in the caverns, and mysterious ladies looking through windows; but nothing comes of all this, except that at the last it appears that the Baron has separated himself from his wife on the ground of her faithlessness. All is explained; and, if there be a conclusion—which may be doubted—the reader may seek it. As these remarks do not sound flattering, let us say that the book is very easy reading and contains much writing of an excellent kind. But at times it is as wild as the famous drinking scene in “Vivian Grey,” also Austrian. The tone of the madder German fiction has been cleverly caught, and here and there the book reads remarkably like a translation.

*Germany, from the Baltic to the Adriatic; or, Prussia, Austria, and Venetia, with reference to the late War.* By CAPTAIN SPENCER. With Illustrations. London: George Routledge and Sons.

Captain Spencer is a well known Continental traveller and writer, and his present sketchy account of Germany may probably serve many ordinarily well-read people. There is something of everything in it; sometimes something too much. The history, “from the earliest period to the present time,” may be gracefully dismissed as elementary, if not shadowy. The botanical researches, surely, have nothing in common with the recent war; nor have the Captain's travels, years ago, revived here in long extracts from his former writings. The political discussions, however, are keen and worthy of contemplation, and the domestic pictures of life and manners fresh to many, interesting to all. Captain Spencer seems to be heart and soul with the Prussians regarding both their military and domestic institutions; and so, in a great measure, fall in with the singular change which lately took place in English feeling. He envies the Prussian system of education and the needle-gun, but thinks that a good rush with the bayonet would soon make an end of the latter. Part of the Hungarian question received a kindly answer from the Hungarians themselves the other day; and Captain Spencer seems warranted in the favourable ideas he has formed of the country. The farther east he gets the better he seems pleased. It may be that the wise men have come no farther from the east than they have done on account of the impenetrable wall of blockheads. It is certain that Captain Spencer seems scarcely to hold with the common saying; he rather thinks that the wise and good remain there still, or midway. The reader will find the confusion of Germany proper to some extent unravelled in these pages; and their plain treatment of an important subject will be certain to make them popular.

*The Essays of Elia.* By CHARLES LAMB. First Series. New Edition. London: Bell and Daldy.

Under whatever circumstances the present edition of the Essays of “Elia” has been produced—whether, as we are told on the title-page, “by arrangement with the proprietors, Messrs. Moxon and Co.”—matters little. The great point is, that the public have placed before them a neat, elegant, and well-printed edition of Charles Lamb's delightful essays for one shilling. If that fact does not secure for the work a large sale, we are greatly mistaken; for we should be both to believe that the capacity to appreciate the writings of the gentle and genial “Elia” has declined among us. But we feel sure it has not declined; and therefore heartily recommend Messrs. Bell and Daldy's new edition to our readers. The last essays of “Elia” are to be published—or have been published—as a companion volume, at the same low price of a shilling; so that the essays, complete, in two convenient pocket-volumes, may be had for two shillings—a fact surely very well worth knowing.





DEPARTURE OF MARSHAL BAZAINE AND THE FRENCH TROOPS FROM MEXICO.



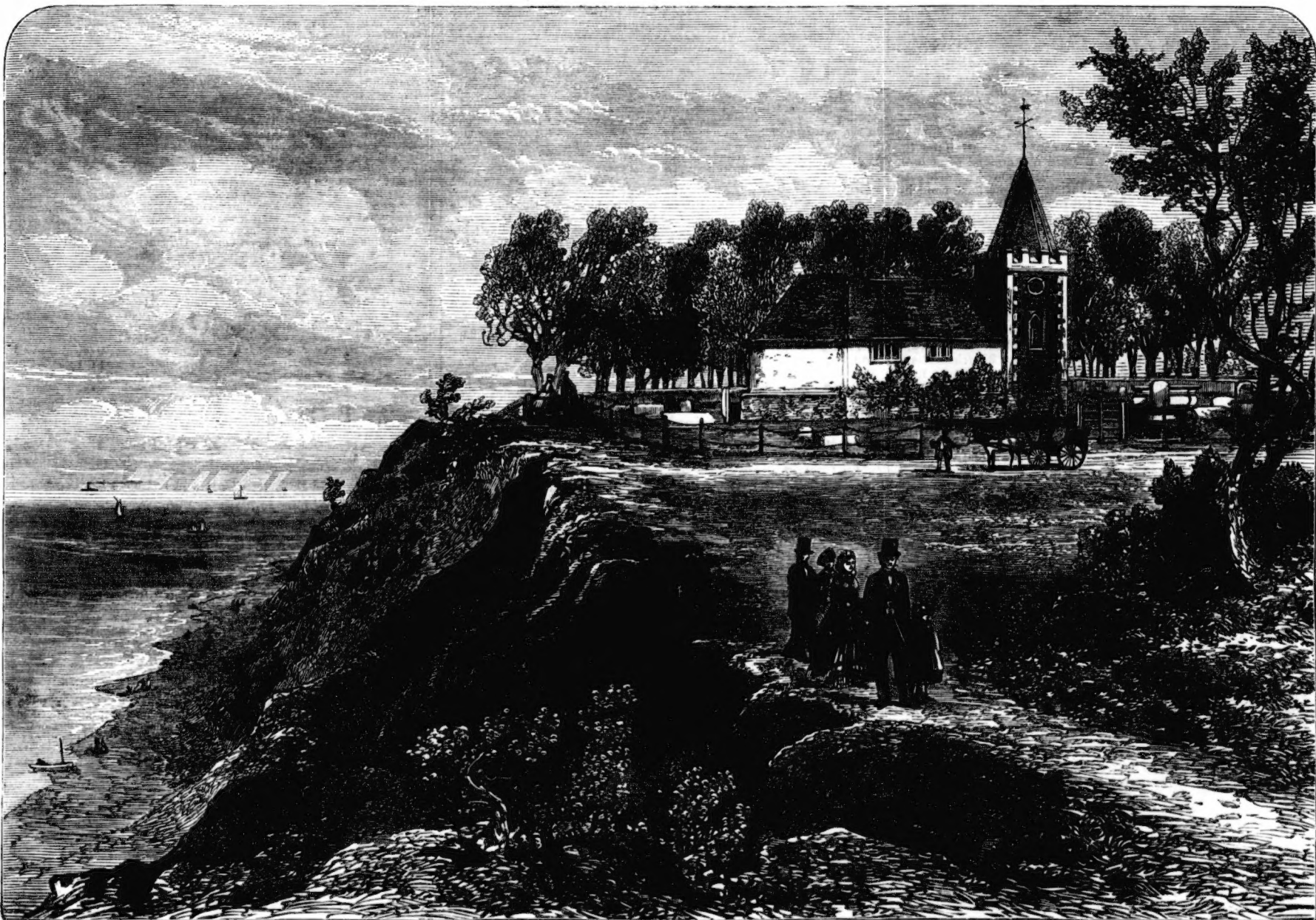
# MARSHAL BAZAINE LEAVING MEXICO.

The French troops have arrived from Mexico in time to hear rumours of a war where their services may be required nearer home. Metz is more comfortable, after all, than Queretaro or Oajaca, and the defence of the network of Rhenish fortifications is less heart-breaking than constant raids against guerrilla bands in a country where there are no roads and very little government. The latest accounts represent the condition of the Emperor Maximilian to be very precarious; and, indeed, the event represented in our Engraving—the departure of the French Marshal—left him almost hopeless of retaining the power to which he had been hoisted by Louis Napoleon. Anybody knowing the Mexican people might have guessed what would follow when that motley crowd in the streets of the dull and gloomy City of the Sun had dispersed. The faces of the half-Indian water-carriers, the silver-buttoned rancheros, the market folks, the drivers of teams of oxen, the barefooted fruitsellers even, might have heralded the return of the revolutionary party to power as the steady French cavalry passed out of the streets, and the Marshal said farewell. Even as early as August last it was generally reported that the French troops were to leave the country, and the hopes of the Republicans revived. The regiments of the foreign supporters of Maximilian and order were continually arriving in the city of Mexico and moving towards the coast. Others were also moving downward from various other parts, and also from the north and south of the capital. In the middle of the month of January this year all these reports were confirmed by notices of the sale of military stores, as well as by an intimation by Marshal Bazaine that a



SKETCHES IN LONDON: PALL-MALL.

safe convoy would be afforded to all French subjects who wished to leave the country. French officers left for Vera Cruz with orders to embark the troops by the transports daily arriving. From Jan. 27 to Feb. 5 the transports were leaving the city of Mexico; on the latter date the Marshal himself took his leave, and there was an exodus of almost all the French people, many Germans, and other Europeans, together with numerous Mexican families, who had been, in one way or other, implicated in the introduction or establishment of the Maximilian dynasty. On Feb. 8 the diligences were ordered by the Juarists not to run, and the telegraphic wires were cut, so that all communication with the capital was prevented. Then the guerrilleros resumed their old work; the public conveyances were stopped between Mexico and Vera Cruz; the passengers were robbed of money, clothes, and baggage; and as the French troops moved down each town or village was taken and occupied by a band of brigands and insurgents. In January Juarez had issued a proclamation prohibiting all foreigners from any commerce whatsoever in the country of Mexico; and at about the time of the departure of Marshal Bazaine the Brazilian Consul, an English subject, who had accepted an appointment from the Emperor as Imperial Commissioner at Oajaca, was captured by a band of insurgents not far from the city of Mexico, tried by drumhead court-martial, and shot in ten minutes. The railways were torn up, bridges burnt, and in some instances trains allowed to run attended by robbers, who took not only the fares, but all the money and luggage, of the passengers. The roads were, in fact, guarded by brigands, who once even entered the city and robbed a diligence within 300 yards of the palace. Meanwhile the



WARDEN CHURCH AND THE FALLING CLIFFS AT SHEPPEY, NEAR SHEERNESS.



Imperial Government was exacting loans and impressing recruits for the army; but, in spite of all efforts, by March 3, when Marshal Bazaine had arrived at Vera Cruz and the French troops were embarking, all positions of importance, except the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz itself, were in the hands of the Juaristas; trade was utterly at a standstill, and there was no hope of any improvement. By still later advices we hear that the Imperial troops and Maximilian himself had proceeded to Queretaro, where they were shut in and almost in a state of starvation; but he has since returned to the capital. Everything is now waiting either for a decisive struggle or for the abdication of the unfortunate Emperor; so that the future of Mexico is uncertain, and all regular government there is as hopeless as it was in the old days of Santa Anna or the Jesuit party.

## STREET SKETCHES IN LONDON.

I.—PALL-MALL.

AFTER the short outburst of extra Parliamentary oratory which has distinguished the Easter recess, we shall be quite prepared for the regular routine of the House of Commons again next week. Members who have returned from short and anxious excursions to visit their constituents, or who have blown off the dust of the first part of the Session by a "run down in the country," will reappear fresh and smiling on the London pavements. Then will St. James's street flourish and Pall-mall blossom as the rose; club-doors will open, and quiet flunkies change their striped linen jackets for gorgeous liveries; the chef at the Mastodon will concentrate his intellect on a fresh menu, and the steward of the Megatherium will order new stair-carpeting and have the bay windows cleaned ready for the fogies who congregate there, or for the correspondent of the *Times* who watches all the Reform demonstrations from that point of vantage. On the front steps and before the portals of a dozen palatial buildings, may be seen little knots of men, who are supposed in some way or other to rule the destinies of the great British nation—Cabinet Ministers, military veterans, leading financiers, light Parliamentary skirmishers with alert brains and bitter tongues; gay young adventurers, of fifty or thereabouts, with curly brown wigs and blue black whiskers; heirs to great properties; sleeping partners who conduct the political departments of big City firms, and look more aristocratic than the aristocracy; Irish gentlemen with a following which can embarrass a division; ancient persons with a repertoire of stories for all classes of entertainment, from a ballet dinner at Richmond to a quiet episcopal lunch at Fulham; contractors who build bridges or provide ironclads; merchants who have forgotten the rule of three; bankers who look in at the City twice a week; Cabinet tinkers, Army tailors, War Office soldiers, Whitehall sailors, country gentlemen, Royal apothecaries, golden ploughboys, electioneering thieves. You may play the old school-game of counting down the buttons of your waistcoat, and find them all represented here in Pall-mall, on the reassembling of Parliament, with a peer and a bishop to spare.

It is difficult to imagine what would have become of English society but for the institution and growth of the club system. For moderate intimacy with a member of one's club no more supposes an acquaintance with his home and domestic policy than a study of the game laws involves the art of serving woodcocks on toast. In those silent, gorgeous rooms of the Mastodon, with the quiet tables, the large deserted library, the velvet sofas, the three-pile carpets, the vast acreage of looking-glass, the decorous attendants, the obscure but luxurious smoking-room, even Sir Planter Jennett, the oldest and stiffest baronet in London, who seems to creak in the joints as he mounts his hack for a constitutional before dinner, may return the loud and familiar greeting of Mr. Pamphly O'Tear, the gentleman whose letters on the tenure of land in Ireland have aroused the attention of every "absentee" to the fact that it is far better that landlords should leave their tenants to live on the soil while they themselves get all they can off it. Sir Planter will not invite Mr. O'Tear to his table, he himself being engaged to dine with the Honourable Philpot Lane, who, being a sort of connecting link between capital and title, and having, it is believed, a great financial career opening before him by his position in the colonial interests and his influence with the Board of Trade, is admitted above the salt even at the tables of territorial magnates. The Honourable Philpot will offer Sir Planter his arm presently, and take him creaking up the steps, and showing the buckle of his high stock as he stoops on the threshold where the porter is ready to take his hat and cane; and probably the rising representative of high commerce will smile at the retort with which the noble peer has striven to put down "that Irish fellow—what's his name?"—one of those scribbling fellows, you know. Can't, for the life of me, imagine why he should always be hanging about here.

Old Major-General Burnipbace knows O'Tear well enough, and he doesn't avoid him; for the Major-General is a man of the world and can hold his own even against an Irish gentleman with a fine inheritance of unlimited liabilities and a good old crust of grievance. He'll keep out of his way to-day, because he has secured a table with the Bishop, and the asparagus is in its prime, and peas have come in, and the chef has special orders about the ducklings and the salmon; but, later on, when the whitebait are reasonable but biggish, O'Tear will find his legs under the mahogany at the Mastodon, and will make big jokes flavoured with the brogue, just as turkeys are flavoured with truffles, and will tell stories at which even the demure attendants will put their napkins before their mouths as they take the morsel out of the silver winecooler. Pamphly O'Tear is a very useful man to know, if only you can lead him to think that he is making use of you; and the Major-General understands the art of buying a man for next to nothing as well as any patron that ever subscribed for half a dozen copies of a book in the days when books were dedicated. For O'Tear isn't a member of the Mastodon; he and his friends have already been to their own club, the Rheform, where they have lunched, in the uncertain prospect of dinner time. By his friends you will, of course, understand those other Irish gentlemen who think, or, at all events, say, "Bedad, Sir; it's Pamphly that's the man for us," whenever there's any place vacant. If you were jestingly to hint that there was an opening as Chancellor of the Exchequer or Secretary of State, they would reply, with a sort of jaquety surprise, "And why not? There's many a worse, and deuce a better that's at all likely, and I'd back O'Tear to make as good a figger as—as I would myself, if I only had fair play; but that's a joke, of course. I tell ye, Pamphly's not appriahated bedad, as I said to him only this blessed mornin'. I sez, I tell ye what, me boy,"—and so on for half an hour, as you walk along with Mr. Cornelius Phinn in the wake of his friend, and are conscious that he has put his hat a good deal on one side, and paces down Pall-mall, with a fashionable air upon him and his feet always in "the second position." They have a capital institution at the Rheform and at some other clubs: an institution which must be a great boon to Irish and other gentlemen, members of Parliament or otherwise, who, being too poor to sustain the place of hosts, and invite others to dinner, have to wait for precarious chances for seats at the tables of other and richer men. The cold-meat lunch was surely devised by some member who had known the needs of a mid-day meal in case of emergencies; for a substantial provision of bread and meat, cheese, and the run of the mixed pickles, with a cool and sustaining tankard of the club beer, must be worth any man's shilling. Thus fortified against ill fortune, dinner may be regarded with complacency, or the want of it borne with philosophic regret in the hope of a chop at Evans's after the play. It is a poor heart that never rejoices, and it is a misguided appetite which cannot so regulate its lunch as to accommodate either a seven-o'clock dinner with all the luxuries of the season, or a meal of devilled kidneys an hour before midnight. As a rule, Mr. O'Tear enjoys life as much even as Sir Planter Jennett; at all events he never seems to want a friend or a bottle to give him; and, after all, it matters but little whether the bottle contain bitter beer or tokyay, so that it be good of its kind; and mutton in Pump-court is often better than venison in Pall-mall.

## WARDEN CHURCH, WITH THE FALLING CLIFFS OF SHEPPEY.

A FEW years, or as many months, may find Warden Church, like the bodies of many who formed its former congregations, slipping from its sacred resting-place with the cliffs on which it stands, part of which every now and then may be seen quietly tumbling down. It is, however, interesting to see fragments of cultivated ground undisturbed as gently gliding down; whilst the trees, apparently reluctant to yield, maintain their life and foliage long after being tumbled from the places they had occupied for ninety or a hundred years.

Old John Coultrap, parish clerk, &c., at Warden Church, who has resided on the spot between sixty and seventy years, and who may now be seen dressed in clean white frock, supported by his stick, and with powerful spectacles on, states that he has known the land extend four miles beyond its present margin; whilst the writer has known it, within twenty years, to extend upwards of a quarter of a mile.

Long droughts, succeeded by heavy rains, have a powerful influence on the land, which, being loamy, is cracked, and large pieces slip down. One solitary marked tomb rests between the church and cliff; many of the graves have with their contents been swept away, and the time cannot be distant when Warden Church, the subject of our Engraving, will be a matter of history. It stands about eight miles from Sheerness.

On the beach beneath may be seen the tourist in search of fossils, poor people gathering cement-stones and copperas. Some of the most beautiful specimens of fossils in the shape of the nautilus and other shellfish, crabs, sharks' teeth, &c., also of extinct animals, are found; and many a mantlepiece and sideboard is adorned with the well-polished productions of the late old Paddy Hayes, who for fifty years obtained an humble livelihood by their sale.

## DR. LIVINGSTONE'S LAST EXPEDITION.

THE "Slave-trade Correspondence" just issued from the War Office contains a letter from Dr. Livingstone to the Earl of Clarendon, dated Ngomano, May 18, and received in September. Lieutenant Garforth had taken Dr. Livingstone and his party from Zanzibar to Rovuma Bay, in her Majesty's ship Penguin, in March; but the country was in such a swampy state that it was thought better to land about twenty-five miles more to the north, in the beautiful land-locked harbour called Pembay or Kinday. Dr. Livingstone writes:—

Our route hence was S.S.W. to the Rovuma, which we struck at the spot marked on the chart as that at which the Pioneer turned in 1861. We travelled over the same plateau that is seen to flank both sides of the Rovuma, like a chain of hills, from 4 ft. to 6 ft. high. Except where the natives, who are called Maconde, have cleared spaces for cultivation, the whole country within the influence of the moisture from the ocean is covered with dense jungle. The trees in general are not large, but planted so closely together as generally to exclude the sun. In many places they may be seen to be woven together by tangled masses of climbing plants, more resembling the ropes and cables of a ship in inextricable confusion than the graceful creepers with which we are familiar in northern climates. They gave the impression of being remnants of the carboniferous period of geologists, and the huge pachydermata of that time were the only beings that could wriggle through them. Trade paths have already been made, but we had both to heighten and widen them for camels and buffaloes. The people at the seacoast had declared that no aid could be got from the natives. When we were seven miles off we were agreeably surprised to find that, for reasonable wages, we could employ any number of carriers and woodcutters we desired. As they were accustomed to clearing away the gigantic climbers for their garden-ground, they whittled away with the tomahawks with remarkable speed and skill. Two days' continuous hard labour was as much as they could stand. It is questionable whether any people (except, possibly, the Chinese) which are not meat-eaters can endure continuous labour of a kind that brings so many muscles into violent action as this work did. French navies could not compete with the English until they were fed exactly like the latter. The Maconde have only fowls, a few goats, and the chance of an occasional gorge of the wild hog of the country. Little can be said about the appearance of the country. By the occasional glimpses we got it seemed covered with great masses of dark-green foliage, except where the bamboos gave a lighter tint, or a sterile place had changed its leaves to yellow in anticipation of winter. The path we followed sometimes went along or across a "wady," in which we were smothered by the grass overhead. Such rocks as we could see were undisturbed grey sandstone, capped by ferruginous conglomerate. Upon this we often stumbled against blocks of silicified wood so like the recent that anyone would be unwilling to believe at sight that they were stones. This is a sure indication here of coal being underneath, and pieces of it were met in the sands of the river. When about ninety miles from the mouth of the Rovuma, the geographical structure changes; and with this change we have more open forest, thornier vegetation, and more reasonable grasses. The chief rock is now syenite, and patches of fine white dolomite lie upon it in spots. Granite masses have been shot up over the plain, which extends in front all the way to Ngomano, the confluence of the Rovuma or Louma and Loendi. In the drier country we found that one of those inexplicable droughts had happened over the north bank of the Rovuma, and a tribe of Mazite, or Mazita—probably Zulus—had come down like a swarm of locusts and swept away all the food above and in the ground. I had now to make forced marches with the Makonde in quest of provisions for my party, and am now with Matumora, or Machumora, the chief at Ngomano; and by sending some twenty miles to the south-west shall soon encounter them. This is the point of confluence, as the name Ingomano or Ngomano implies, of the Louma and Loendi. The Loendi is decidedly the parent stream, and comes from the south-west, where, in addition to some bold granite peaks, the dim outline of distant highlands appear. Even at that distance they raise the spirits, but possibly that is caused partly by the fact that this is about thirty miles beyond our former turning-point and the threshold of the unexplored. I promise to make this my head-quarters till I have felt my way round Lake Nyassa. If prospects are fair there I need not return, but trust to another quarter for fresh supplies; but it is best to say little about the future. Matumora is an intelligent man, and one well known to be trustworthy. He is appealed to on all hands for his wise decisions, but he has not much real power beyond what his character gives him. The Makonde are all independent of each other, but not devoid of a natural sense of justice. A carrier stole a shirt from one of my men; our guide pursued him at night, seized him in his own house, and the elders of his village made him pay about four times the value of the article stolen. No other case of theft occurred. No dues were demanded, and only one fine—a very just one—was levied. Attempts have been made to make the Arabs pay, but they have always been resisted. So much has been said about Arab proselytism that it was with interest inquiries were made about their success in converting the Makonde to the Mohammedan faith. Here, as elsewhere, no attempts to teach have been made; some Arabs asserted that it would be useless, for the Makonde had no idea of a Deity. On making inquiries about the gumcopal digging, I was shown a tree from which the gum was actually dripping; but they do not dig under the trees at present living. They choose the vicinity in the belief that near to the modern trees those which yielded what is now considered fossil gum must have grown. Here they dig, and, said the spokesman, "The first and second days we may labour in vain; but God may give it to us after that." To this acknowledgment of a Deity all responded, "It is as he wills it."

Sir Roderick Murchison, believing that the fate of Dr. Livingstone cannot be considered satisfactorily settled, announces that an expedition will be sent out in search of him, or of what traces may be left of him, supposing that the account of his death is authentic. An iron boat will be carried in pieces to a point above the cataracts of Shiré. From this point Lake Nyassa will be navigated to its northern end, near which the disaster is said to have occurred. Sir Roderick Murchison announces that he has already received more than twenty applications from competent men to serve in the expedition.

THE STRIKE ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.—The strike may now, so far as the company is concerned, be said to have terminated. There may be more of the old hands gone in—there undoubtedly will, every day; but the company have now a sufficient staff to carry out their arrangements. On Tuesday morning five of the old hands, having been accepted by Mr. Fletcher, the locomotive superintendent, took out engines at Darlington. Eighteen firemen went on Tuesday grandd passed from Darlington to Newcastle to see Mr. Fletcher, with a view to being again taken on. All these men are required to leave the union before they are received; and the leaders of the strike will not, it is plainly stated by the officials, be received back under any circumstances. The guards who struck at Darlington, and have remained out, have mostly applied to be taken back again, but many of their places have been filled up. The Stockton and Darlington are now quite full. On Monday several were taken on, but others who have applied have been told that all the engines are full. On this line the company's solicitor has drawn up a new form of contract, the former one having been too undefined and difficult to be applied. All hands are required to sign this document.

## MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

(From the "Observer.")

It will be seen by the subjoined correspondence, which has been placed in our hands for publication, that Mr. Gladstone has resolved to abandon his remaining amendments to the Reform Bill of the Government, owing to the action of the recalcitrant Liberals who composed the majority on the division of Friday fortnight; and that he has practically resigned the leadership of the Opposition. This will, indeed, be a calamity of no ordinary character to the country at large. An army without a general is a mere mob, and is liable, therefore, at any moment not only to defeat, but to annihilation. Such is the present position of the Liberal party in Parliament; and such will be the inevitable and necessary result, unless prompt action is taken to undo the evil that has been done in the matter. That Mr. Gladstone has good and sufficient reason for the decision he has arrived at cannot be denied; but that the decision should be final cannot for a moment be admitted. There is no man to take his place in the House of Commons, and his secession at this moment would be more fatal to political progress than any event that has occurred within the memory of party history.

It is incumbent, therefore, on the Liberal party in Parliament, and out of it, to take prompt action in the matter, and endeavour to persuade him that his retirement from the leadership is tantamount to the dissolution of that party. Mr. Gladstone's reasons for the course he shadows forth are certainly cogent, and his conclusions are undoubtedly well grounded; but the good of the country is paramount to all other considerations, and therefore it is to be hoped that he will be induced to alter or withdraw his determination.

20, Eaton-square, S.W., April 17.

Dear Mr. Gladstone,—I find that many members of the House who supported you on Friday evening are anxious, like myself, to know what course you propose to take with regard to the remaining amendments to the Reform Bill standing in your name.

It would be very useful, I am sure, if you could let me have a line from you on the subject before you leave town for the recess.

Believe me yours, very faithfully,  
The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. R. W. CRAWFORD.

Hawarden, Chester, April 18.

My dear Mr. Crawford,—I thank you for giving me an opportunity which enables me to make known to you and to others the course I propose to take with regard to the amendments on the R-form Bill as yet standing in my name on the notice-paper of the House of Commons.

I need not state, what must be in the minds of all, the nature of the amendment which the House rejected on Friday, the 12th, by twenty-one voices, or the composition of the body of Noes by which it was so rejected.

The country can hardly fail now to be aware that those gentlemen of Liberal opinions whose convictions allow them to act unconditionally upon this question are not a majority, but a minority, of the existing House of Commons; and that they have not the power they were supposed to possess of limiting or directing the action of the Administration or of shaping the provisions of the Reform Bill. Still, having regard to the support which my proposal with respect to personal rating received from so large a number of Liberal members, I am not less willing than heretofore to remain at the service of the party to which they belong; and when any suitable occasion shall arise, if it shall be their wish, I shall be prepared again to attempt concerted action upon this or any other subject for the public good.

But, until then, desirous to avoid misleading the country and our friends, I feel that prudence requires me to withdraw from my attempts to assume the initiative in amending a measure which cannot, perhaps, be effectually amended except by a reversal, either formal or virtual, of the vote of Friday, the 12th; for such attempts, if made by me, would, I believe, at the present critical moment, not be the most likely means of advancing the R own purpose.

Accordingly, I shall not proceed with the amendments now on the paper in my name, nor give notice of other amendments such as I had contemplated; but I shall gladly accompany others in voting against any attempt, from whatever quarter, to limit yet further the scanty modicum of enfranchisement proposed by the Government, or in improving, where it may be practicable, the provisions of the bill.

I remain, my dear Mr. Crawford,  
Most faithfully yours,  
R. W. Crawford, Esq., M.P. W. E. GLADSTONE.

REMAINS OF KING ALFRED.—Mr. Harold Mellor asserts that he has discovered the remains of King Alfred, which have now been buried 966 years. The bodies of Ethelbald and Ethelbert, King Alfred's two brothers, lie buried in Sherborne Abbey. Mr. Mellor feels confident that the Royal remains are now lying in the gilt mortuary over the chancel of Hyde parish church, near Winchester; and the two leaden plates found by him, with the King's name upon them, are now in the hands of the Vicar, the Rev. W. Williams.

A BALLOON ADVENTURE.—The good people of Dublin have been thrown into a state of painful uncertainty for some days as to the fate of a balloon and its occupant, a pyrotechnist named Hedeman. The ascent was made on Monday from the Exhibition Palace Gardens, and the balloon was borne by a strong breeze in a north-easterly direction towards the Channel. No intelligence being received of his descent, it was feared that he had fallen into the sea and lost his life. It turns out, however, that he was borne across the Channel and safely deposited near Appleby, in the county of Westmorland, after a trip of nearly seven hours.

DISGRACEFUL DISTURBANCES AT A CHURCH.—The Bristol papers of Saturday last report a very disgraceful scene which took place at Northmore Church, near Bridgwater, on Good Friday morning. The Rev. James Hunt, the incumbent, a well-known Ritualist clergyman, on Friday morning, just before ten o'clock, accompanied by a woman named Cotley, of late his only hearer, and the bellman, Richards, entered the church, heading in his hand a long wooden cross. These three persons for a few minutes were in the church alone; but soon a mob, numbering nearly fifty, headed by a man and woman and some children dressed up with coloured paper, came to the church door and made a great noise. On their first appearance inside Mr. Hunt discontinued the service and ordered them out. They retired to the porch, and the door was locked. They kicked at the door, however, very loudly; and, on its being again opened, they all entered, some smoking. Most of them sat down; and then some of the men, a few of whom were evidently the worse for liquor, exhibited two jars of cider, which were handed to their companions, who soon drank off the contents, not, however, before one of the mob loudly asked Mr. Hunt, amid laughter, if he would have any. Mr. Hunt walked down to one or two of the most respectable persons and spoke to them, immediately after which an egg was thrown at his back, and his coat was covered with the yolk. This provoked much laughter, and was the signal for other eggs being thrown. About this time a woman entered the church, carrying a long fork with a piece of bacon fixed upon it, and she asked the Rev. gentleman if he would have any. Some other women then dragged from her seat the woman Cotley, and shamefully maltreated her, nearly tearing her clothes into rags. During this confusion Mr. Hunt ran out of the church, and was followed by a number of persons, who continued to fling eggs and stones at him until he ran into a house close by. Into this house he was shortly afterwards followed by the woman Cotley, who was very much ill-used. The crowd continued outside for some time, hooting and yelling; but they at length became tired, and separated.

CANON GIRDLESTONE AND THE HALBERTON FARMERS.—The Rev. Canon Girdlestone, for his efforts to improve the condition of the agricultural labourers of his parish, has incurred the anger of a large number of the principal farmers therein. On Monday the annual vestry meeting was held, the Canon presiding. There was a strong muster of farmers, who had come with the expressed determination of electing both churchwardens, it having been the custom for many years for the clergyman to elect one warden and the parishioners the other. In the course of the proceedings, which were of a very noisy character, the Canon was fiercely attacked by several of the farmers, who complained that he had been the means of removing labourers from the parish, and that he had not fairly represented the wages question. One gentleman, Mr. Pearce, who came from a neighbouring parish to have a "go" at the Rev. gentleman, said he was not the good shepherd "who gathered the lambs to his bosom," but "one of those hirelings who scattered the flock." Another farmer, Mr. G. Ware (who was subsequently elected by the parishioners as churchwarden), told the Canon that he was more fit to "go and feed a bear" than to be a clergyman. Mr. Ascott, on being mildly rebuked by the Canon for some strong personal remark, said, "I'll see if I can't make a better man of 'ee. I'll break the back out of the buke (book) directly." (This allusion was to the vestry-book, into which the minutes of the meeting were being entered.) Canon Girdlestone, after the farmers had expended their ammunition of hard words, rose, and observed that he should not reply to anything that had been said in reference to the labourers' question, nor should he say one word of the privilege to which he was entitled of nominating one of the churchwardens, which he did, adding that he had obtained a legal opinion in his favour. The farmers then protested angrily against any entry being made of the nomination in the vestry-book; but ultimately consented to its being done after a certain fashion, which Mr. Pearce, who headed the opposition to the Rev. gentleman, prescribed. We may add that throughout the whole proceedings, and under great provocation, the Canon kept his temper admirably, and said not a word of unkindness to either of the farmers who abused him.







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 Novel Jackets, truly elegant Jackets,  
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